

# BAY AREA REPORTER

1528 15TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

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VOL. XII NO. 3 JANUARY 21, 1982

## Congress gives away word

# Gay Olympics Must Drop Word "Olympic"

by Paul Lorch

Doctor Tom Waddell reported this week that the Gay Olympic Games scheduled for August of 1982 have unwittingly run afoul of federal law. The word "olympic" is protected in its exclusive use by Public Law 95-606 (the Amateur Sports Act of 1978).

Late last month F. Don Miller, executive director of the

United States Olympic Committee, informed the Gay Olympic Games that the use of the word "Olympic" with relationship to sports events (as well as various related activities and fund-raising activities) is prohibited. Put another way — Congress has voted that the U.S. Olympic Committee owns the word "Olympic," also "Olympiad" and "Citius Altius Fortius" or

any combination or simulation thereof. Anything that would cause confusion, cause mistake, deceive, or falsely suggest a connection with the Corporation or any Olympic activity are prohibited as well. "It has yet to be tested in court how many pages of the dictionary the U.S. Olympic Committee controls," said one Gay Olympic leader.

Only those using the word prior to 1950, or those groups given dispensation by the Colorado Springs-based corporation are not enjoined by the 1978 law. The committee is given the right to bring civil action against any group daring to infringe on their word monopoly. Miller also informed Waddell that his committee is entitled "to recover any and all funds which are solicit-

ed and acquired by virtue of the usage of Olympic terminology."

Miller insisted in his certified letter that Waddell respond in ten days. Waddell replied that the Gay Olympics when they filed their article of incorporation in Sacramento were told they could not use the term "Olympic" in their

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## Super Bowl Births Bets and Ballyhoo

by Allen White

Tuesday evening the *Bay Area Reporter*, the largest Gay newspaper in San Francisco finalized terms for a bet with *The Yellow Page*, the largest Gay newspaper in Cincinnati, Ohio.

If the 49'ers win on Sunday in the Super Bowl, *The Yellow Page* will have a football signed by members of the Gay and Lesbian community of Cincinnati. The football will be sent to B.A.R. publisher Bob Ross who will present the football to Mayor Feinstein.

If Cincinnati wins, a signed football will be sent to *The Yellow Page* and their staff will present the football from San Francisco's Gay and Lesbian community to Cincinnati Mayor David Mann.

Super Bowl fever is just as intense in Cincinnati as it is in San Francisco. Alan Gray of *The Yellow Page* suggested to the *Bay Area Reporter* that they get a lot of pens to autograph the football they will be sending to Cincinnati. B.A.R.

publisher Bob Ross responded in a matter of fact tone, "I don't think buying pens will be necessary!"

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Win or lose, there are plans  
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## Broshears' Funeral, No Tears

by George Mendenhall

"The Flying Nun," a label that Rev. Ray Broshears enjoyed, was given a funeral service on January 18 at Trinity Episcopal Church. Gathered were 150 friends and the curious — many of them Gay activists from the 60's.

Broshears, a religious fundamentalist and volatile personality, would have enjoyed the service — a formal occasion with a mixture of informality and good humor.

"I bet every one of you has hung up on him at least once," his friend Elmer Wilhelm told the relaxed crowd. Wilhelm, who had spent countless hours resolving details that followed Broshears' death (he did not leave a will) called the deceased "a very religious man, a door opener, who had no closet for himself — a man whose world was the streets."

"Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound, That Saved a Wretch Like Me" was how the opening lines of the first hymn sung at the Broshears service went. Wilhelm sparked the crowd, holding up the "Heaven Can't Wait" headline from last week's *Bay Area Reporter*, "Heaven needs his energy!"

Morris Kight, whose Gay and anti-war activism spans 30 years, headed a visiting Los Angeles contingent. He said Broshears "had a magnificent, dramatic life" bursting with energy. . . Kight did not play down the minister's agitating of many people, including the San Francisco Tavern Guild. He recalled Broshears picketing a Beaux Arts Ball with a placard that read "Out of the Ballrooms, Into the Streets." *Bay Area Reporter* was mentioned for "fairness" in its reporting of the death. He concluded, "Life is so fast. Death is too soon. Let us each hope that we each have an Elmer Wilhelm to settle our affairs."

Distributed to the gathered was a final issue of *Gay Focus* with only one article — a tribute to its former publisher, Broshears. It was printed gratis by Waller Press.

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## Park Arrest Alert

The paper has received calls from reliable sources reporting that the SFPD is dragnetting the parks in the Western part of the city.

Golden Gate Park and Land's End have been the scenes of a number of arrests for lewd conduct and solicitation of lewd conduct (647a). The arrests are being made by "seductive" plainclothes officers. The young cops (possibly Gay themselves) put themselves out to invite remarks. "They do not look like cops," reported one source.

The areas in Golden Gate Park named have been the rose garden and the windmill areas out by Great Highway. Cruising Gays anywhere in the Richmond and Park Station jurisdictions are urged to proceed with caution and know their rights.

If arrested, insist on pleading "not guilty" advised one prominent Gay attorney.



Friends and the curious gather after the Broshears memorial. (Photo by Rink)



# Broshears' Funeral, No Tears

(Continued from Page 1)

Earlier, Supervisor Quentin Kopp introduced an "in memorium" tribute to Broshears at a Board of Supervisors meeting.

Rev. Bob Cromey officiated at the Trinity Episcopal service, setting a congenial tone of informality and urging the assembled to become active in his church. Rev. James Sandmire greeted all at the entrance and hosted a reception later at his Downtown Metropolitan Community Church. Also attending was Rev. Bob Humphries, who with Broshears and H. L. Perry organized the first Gay parade in San Francisco.

District Attorney Arlo Smith was the only elected city official present. Others attending included political candidate/attorney Terrence Hallinan, attorney Herb Donaldson, Gerry Parker, Kimmo, Randy Johnson, Al Alvarez, Larry Littlejohn, Bob Basker, and Eddie Van.

Attorney Hallinan is attempting to resolve the legal problems following Broshears' death, including \$850 in debts.



Morris Kight speaks at Ray Broshears' memorial at Trinity Episcopal Church. (Photo by Rink)

Wilhelm revealed to the *Bay Area Reporter* that Broshears' address/telephone book is missing — evidently removed by police immediately following discovery of the body. He also said an attempt will be made to pay any debts without fund-raising events.

The minister's body was discovered in his apartment on Sunday, January 10. He had died two days earlier from a cerebral stroke. Broshears had been attempting to maintain his busy pace while suffering from a recent operation, obesity, and epilepsy. The body was cremated. Interment will be at the National Military Cemetery at the Presidio at a later date.

George Mendenhall

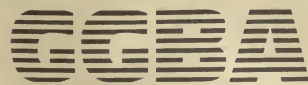
## What we're doing next Thursday is our business!

We're the Golden Gate Business Association and on Thursday, January 28th, we are hosting author/lecturer Gore Vidal, Municipal Court Judge Mary Morgan, and comic Robin Tyler at our Eighth Annual Installation Dinner.

We invite you to join us! The evening begins at 6:30 when hundreds of San Francisco business professionals will gather for cocktails, prime rib dinner, and a special program of important and stimulating commentary on the issues confronting the gay and lesbian business community.

The location is the Golden Gateway Holiday Inn at Van Ness and Pine. Tickets: \$35 per person for advance reservations paid by Jan. 22nd; \$40 per person after Jan. 22nd and at the door (if available). To order your tickets, contact the GGBA office at 956-8660.

**When it comes to business, people are coming to GGBA.**



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DOMESTIC RATES

**B.A.R.**

**News you need to know...**

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## Gay Olympics Must Drop Word "Olympic"

corporate name and logo. The games' nonprofit corporation became "San Francisco Arts and Athletics."

Waddell said that the Gay group were only aware of the word "Olympic" as a "generic term, referring to an event that pre-dated Christ." More importantly that the Gay Olympics were designed to promote a healthy, wholesome image of Gay men and Lesbians. That instead of vicious stereotypes, the assembled Gay athletes will demonstrate their "similarities as fully vested citizens." He requested Miller grant the Gay Olympics permission to use the word. He used as precedents: "Armchair Olympics," "Special Olympics," "Handicapped Olympics," "Police Olympics."

Miller responded to Waddell in a letter dated January 6, 1982. He repeated his committee's monopoly of the word — "particularly with respect to any athletic or purported athletic events."

He said the U.S. Committee's position had nothing to do with the issue of homosexuality. Tom Waddell, a deca-thon champion and partici-

programs for the handicapped." He concluded, "In this respect we actively work with the handicapped to develop such programs, and therefore, do not take exception. In fact we have encouraged the development of special programs in that area."

Mark Brown, *Bay Area Reporter* sports editor, commented, "The Gay Olympics have been created for the very same reason others began the Handicapped Olympics. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the U.S. Olympic Committee were so enlightened that they could see their way to actively work with Gays to develop athletic programs, rather than locking their word in their homophobic closet."

When asked on what lay down the road, Waddell said his group had no immediate plans. The Southern California Chapter of the ACLU entertained some early thoughts of taking the case. They would have sought a "declaratory release" from the prohibition. On second thought, said Waddell, taking on the U.S. Olympics would be much like taking on mom and apple pie. And even the



Dr. Tom Waddell speaks at a workshop at San Francisco State's regional Gay Students Conference. This week Waddell revealed how the U.S. Olympic Committee has all but withdrawn the word "Olympic." (Photo by Rink)

pant in the 1968 games, was not that convinced. Other board members see a definite instance of discrimination. They were not willing to ac-

ACLU didn't have the stomach for that kind of battle.

It would seem that the most obvious approach was that the games will definitely take

**"Gay Olympics would dilute the meaning and significance of the event."**

F. Don Miller

U.S. Olympic Committee

cept the USOC's acknowledging some groups, looking the other way on others, and pursuing their advantage with still others. The Gay Olympics falls into the last category.

Miller, one of the exclusive oligarchy that controls the U.S. Olympic involvement, rejoined that the few exceptions are there by design. He wrote, "Public Law 95-606 charges the United States Olympic Committee with the responsibility of developing programs and participating in

place but that the Gay Olympic Committee will eschew the use of the word "Olympic" on any official correspondence or publicity. What individuals including the press choose to call the events planned for August 1982 is beyond the control of even the prestigious — trilateral commission of athletics — the U.S. Olympic Committee. Happily the Bill of Rights protecting free speech predates Public Law 95-606 with its linguistic give-away.

Paul Lorch



# Mammoth Disco Rocks Moscone Center

by Allen White

Last Saturday night more people paid to attend a Gay event than ever before in San Francisco's history. Presented at the new Moscone Convention Center, the event titled "First Encounter" drew over 10,000. When all income from the bars and the admissions are totaled, the gross revenue for the night will exceed \$200,000.

The evening began with a cocktail party in the lobby area of the Moscone Center. At 10:30pm the ballroom opened and the thousands filled the lower arena. The party was delayed an hour because of a four-hour power failure earlier in the day in the building. This delayed equipment installation.

Entertainment began at 3am and included Sylvester, the Boys Town Gang, Jeanne Tracy, and the West Coast Fan Company. Party stimulants worked throughout the night.

The event ended at 9:15 Sunday morning with some 2,000 people still dancing into the next day.

The dimensions of the event are staggering in their size. On one side of the room was a huge flat-bed truck and trailer unit which was used for the light show, the sound and the video effects. Lighting equipment hung over the area, giving it the appearance of a large motion picture sound stage. The other side of the room housed a laser projection unit and a large stage. The staff numbered over 250 persons.



The escalators down into the Moscone Center for its first Gay disco. Bay Area Reporter's and the Gay community's most prolific photographer was disinvited from covering the monster disco at Moscone Center. He took this picture from the outside looking in. The party-goers danced 'til 9:30am Sunday and then some. (Photo by Rink)

The general attitude of the crowd who stayed over was one of total enjoyment of this new party center. This, in spite of two problems that proved annoying throughout the evening. The primary problem was the inability of the bartenders to service the customers. It was noted by the event's producer, John Vukas, that the bartenders were supplied by the union and were not bartenders who work in San Francisco's Gay bars, most of which are non-union. One person observed that most of the bartenders wouldn't have lasted an hour in a successful Gay bar. Because of the inability to serve customers quickly, the crowds were large and the wait irritably long at all the bars. The

second problem was the wait at the coat check area. The line wound through the lobby area and at times stretched the equivalent of a full city block in length. Vukas attributed this problem primarily to the cold weather, noting that there were eight people working the coat check area.

Two of the major San Francisco Gay newspapers, the Bay Area Reporter and The Sentinel were told that their staff photographers would not be allowed to photograph the event. Several other photographers gained entrance and took pictures, some setting up tripods, without incident. Following the event, Vukas stated that his personal position was that he wanted no photos and any working photogra-

phers present weren't authorized.

Cab drivers, restaurant owners, and hotel employees found the event to be an unexpected bonanza. It was estimated by several sources that the event yielded expenditures of over \$250,000 outside the center. An employee at the St. Francis Hotel stated that a conservative estimate is that at least 25% of the hotel's guests were planning to attend the party. Don Cavallo, owner of the Fickle Fox Restaurant, noted that his restaurant filled to capacity with people attending the 8pm party at the center and then a second wave filled the Fickle Fox again for the main event which started about two hours later. Several other res-

taurants reported similar situations. The Church Street Station reported waiting lines throughout the night and continuing into the next morning. One cab driver said "It was the biggest night for business since Halloween."

*It was big all right, but was it the best?*

Representatives of Moscone Center were extremely pleased with the conduct of the crowd. This is the first dance event to be held at Moscone Center. Credit for crowd control goes to the dozens of low-profile monitors who exhibited tact and courtesy throughout the evening.

Vukas told the Bay Area Reporter that there would be other events produced by his organization at Moscone Center. He would not confirm the date of his next scheduled event.

Conceptual Entertainment who produces the parties at the Galleria announced that they have the center reserved for the Sunday evening tea dance on the date of the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade in June. They will be opening up the two side walls expanding the capacity by a multiple of three.

John Vukas said, "I wanted this to be the most memorable event of the 80's... An evening that people would remember for a long time." It is only 1982, but at this time it would appear Vukas may realize his goal.

## It's Tough Being A Woman

Every now and then the prospect of making people think along "politically correct" lines goes right down the tubes. When a member of the Atlanta Lesbian-Feminist Alliance (ALFA) called *Creative Loafing* newspaper to complain about an ad by a rock group calling itself "Toxic Shock" she was informed that the group had recently changed its name to "Toxic Shock" to deaden the offensiveness of its former name: "The Exploding Tampons." "Now that it's been shown that men can get toxic shock maybe that will change the group's mind about what to call themselves," the local feminist stated to the *Atlanta Gazette*. "After all, men only think seriously about what could directly affect them. It's no longer such a funny joke when it could cause them pain and suffering."

Nonetheless, there's a Lesbian out there who's going through lots of pain and suffering at the hands of men. Her name is Rita Halbur, and she was recently fired from her job as a nurse's aid at the retirement home for the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Mankato, Minnesota. Halbur had earned excellent job ratings during her 2 1/2 years at the Good Counsel Health Care Center. Because discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation is not prohibited in Mankato, she cannot sue to regain her job. According to *Gay Community News*, Halbur was fired after her superiors learned she was a Lesbian on the grounds that "homosexuality is against church philosophy."

# CITY resolution

## A determination for strength of mind and body.

If you have resolved to take better care of yourself this year, we can help you meet your fitness goals through a membership in one of the most complete health clubs in San Francisco.

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We offer a variety of unlimited or limited (daily until 4pm) memberships at attractive rates. Several payment plans are available.

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# Bodybuilders Lose Athletic Supporters

by Allen White

On the windows of the building that housed the Bodyworks Gym and the California Pacific College there is a real estate sign. It is all that remains of these two businesses operated by a man by the name of Loren Lee. A problem is that the gym's members are unable to make contact with Lee to retrieve their belongings.

The Bay Area Reporter has received phone calls asking us to investigate the situation. Many problems have been discovered but no solutions.

The sign instructs people who wish to discuss the business activities of Mr. Lee to call an attorney by the name of Joseph Powell. We called the office, as have many members of the Bodyworks Gym. Like the gym members

we reached a secretary named Pam. Like the gym members, our reception from the secretary was a position that she had little information and could only take a name and a telephone number.

After identifying ourselves as representing the Bay Area Reporter, we were able to get through to attorney Powell. The comments by Powell are interesting but leave a void for answers of substance to members of the gym. Powell stated that Lee is trying to open his school, the California Pacific College, and because it is an educational institution has a higher priority than the gym. For Loren Lee, according to Powell, "the school is more important than a jockstrap."

The sign, according to Powell, is questionable in its

legal content. A realtor put the sign up and thus neither the lawyer nor Lee had any say in its content.

One member who called the Bay Area Reporter office stated that he only wants the return of his backpack and his gym clothes. Powell said that if the man would have called his office his secretary would have relayed the message to Loren Lee. Lee would, Powell claims, have called the man. The man who called our office disagrees, stating that Loren Lee has not only never returned his many telephone calls but has also never returned the calls of several other members who simply want their private belongings returned.

A former employee said that all the lockers in the gym

were emptied with the contents thrown in a big pile and he was told to take what was his. Powell denies this allegation. Powell states that every locker was opened and the contents marked, and he says Lee is going to return these gym members' clothing.

Attorney Powell added that Lee could be located at his new school location which he believed to be near 16th and Dolores. He was to have a new telephone. As of the first of this week, there is no working telephone for California Pacific College and telephone information gives a nonworking number.

In response to the contact to Joseph Powell, Loren Lee called the Bay Area Reporter office once and reaching no one in a position to discuss

this story stated he would call again. The paper has no record of receiving a follow-up call.

Through this article the Bay Area Reporter has presented all the information which is available regarding the closing of the Bodyworks Gym. It is the airing of a problem, not the solution. It would appear that the former members are primarily interested in obtaining the return of their clothing. It would appear that Loren Lee has placed a low priority on the property of his former customers. It would also appear that Lee chooses to hide behind the barrier of a lawyer's office and not face his customers.

Jockstraps may have a low priority for Loren Lee, but he is in the unique situation of having several in his possession that could find better use on their owners' bodies.

## SUPER BOWL (Continued from Page 1)



Fans at Starlight Room. Empress Char (2nd from r) will go pom-pom queen for owner Bob Shore (r). (Photo by Rink)

for a giant ticker tape parade for the 49ers next Monday afternoon. The San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band has been invited to be one of the bands playing for the team as they arrive at City Hall. Other bands that will be joining the Gay band include a band from the United States Navy and Turk Murphy's Dixieland Band.

★ ★ ★

Time Magazine chose to

put Joe Montana, 49'er quarterback, on the cover of its current issue. The cover story about Montana and the 49ers also gives attention to the Gay community of San Francisco and singles out the Starlight Room, which will be serving free drinks after every 49'er touchdown. Chuck Morrow has been the host, with his lover John, at the Starlight Room's playoff games. This week Chuck announced that for the Super Bowl he is going to cut loose. His presence

next Sunday will be in the dramatic character of Empress de San Francisco Char. Empress Char will be dressed as a 49'er cheerleader. Char noted that in Time Magazine there is a rather interesting sociological comment about San Francisco inferring that winning is masculine and feminine implies losing (this is the first time the 49ers have gone to the Super Bowl in 35 years). Char plans to give those who would choose to analyze rather than have fun a being that could be up (or down) for social comment for months to come. His hair will be platinum but he will not shave his mustache.

★ ★ ★

The enthusiasm of the San Francisco 49ers shown by San Francisco's Gay community has not gone unnoticed across the country. In addition to the Time Magazine comments, Paul Lorch, Bay Area Reporter editor, was interviewed this week by the Baltimore Sun. Both major Detroit newspapers have also done local interviews as has a major newspaper in Boston.

Allen White

## Supreme Court Decision

### Second Gay Rights Win in Houston

A second victory for Gay rights took place in Texas this week. The U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear arguments that sought to overturn earlier legal decisions on a Gay case.

A Texas man who was fired for speaking out in favor of Gay rights was ordered reinstated and granted back pay. John Van Ooteghan, a Texas accountant, was hired by the ex-treasurer of Harris County in 1975. Van Ooteghan was allowed to set his own schedule as long as the assigned work was completed on time.

Later that year the employee informed his employer of his Gayness. He told him of his plans to appear before the Harris County Commissioners Court to advocate Gay Rights in the Texas county.

The commission met during workday hours, and the next day Van Ooteghan's boss told him he had to put in an 8am to 5pm shift. He also told him he could not participate in "political activity" dur-

ing work hours. When the accountant refused to sign a letter acknowledging the new conditions, he was fired.

A federal court in Houston ruled that the firing violated Van Ooteghan's free-speech rights. A U.S. Court of Appeals agreed, but the county people petitioned the U.S. Supreme Court. The nation's top court let matters stand.

The original trial judge had written, "These time restrictions were obviously aimed at preventing Van Ooteghan from making his public speech."

Van Ooteghan was ordered reinstated immediately. He will collect more than \$56,000 in back pay.

Houston experienced a major Gay victory when Cathy Whitmore was elected Mayor of the Texas metropolis. She actually sought and overwhelmingly received Gay support. Election analysts credited her triumph to Gay backing.

## GAY SKIERS UNITE!

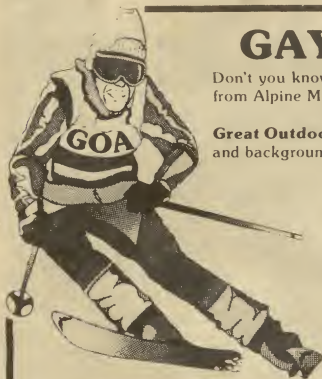
Don't you know that there are Gay Ski Parties traveling everywhere from Alpine Meadows to Yosemite over the next two months?

Great Outdoor Adventures brings Gay Men and Women of all ages and backgrounds together to ski The Sierra's and Colorado in 1982.

This season's tours are the best ever and 21 feet of snow makes conditions great! So, experience Gay Winter Wonderland, G.O.A. style. We handle the lodging, the lift tickets, the After-Ski Parties and much more.

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## Britain Takes the Rap

London's Gay News reports that on October 22, by a vote of 15 to 4, the European Court found the British government to be in violation of the Council of Europe's Human Rights Treaty. The violation stems from a law in Northern Ireland which makes homosexual acts illegal. Since Northern Ireland is still under Great Britain's control, it is expected that a liberalization or elimination of anti-Gay laws there will result from the European Court's decision.

The decision came in a suit filed by Jeff Dudgeon, a Northern Irish Gay activist. The court ruled that the law in Northern Ireland was an unqualified interference in Dudgeon's private life. Judges from Cyprus, Austria and Portugal voted against the decision. The judge from Great Britain voted with the majority (and against the government of the United Kingdom).

The effect is binding upon the British government, although right-wing factions in both England and Northern Ireland have already registered their opposition to the European Court's ruling. Ian Paisley, leader of the conservative Protestants in

Northern Ireland (whose "Save Ulster From Sodomy" campaign has been a significant force in preventing liberalization of laws affecting Gays) stated, "It is not mandatory on the government. It would be intolerable to impose an immoral law upon Northern Ireland at the behest of a panel of foreign jurists." Paisley was last week denied a visa to visit the United States.

But Chicago's Gay Life wants to know if Prince Charles wouldn't be interested in a bit of tearoom trade to ease the troubled waters. According to the Chicago Sun-Times, His Royal Highness recently visited the National Railway Museum in Chicago and remarked to the janitors, "I collect old loos. If you are ever getting rid of any, I'd like to buy one." Loo is the British slang for a john (at the moment Prince Charles was inspecting a stainless steel lavatory with an ivory pull handle in a rail car used by his great-great-grandmother Queen Victoria).

Does this mean that Frank Ripplow will be getting an invitation to Buckingham Palace to try out the stalls and visit with the Queen? Only Prince Charles knows for sure.



## Big Win for Austin Gays

Austin voters went to the polls this past weekend in a special election to vote down a measure which discriminated against Gays. The vote was short of a 2 to 1 defeat, 36,239 to 21,997.

Texas' most liberal city refused to become the first community in the country to specifically legalize discrimination against Gays in housing.

The challenge was not about equal rights for Gays in employment and public accommodations. Those laws are already on the books. The fight began over a proposal by the Austin Human Relations Commission to ban housing discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, marital status, parenthood, age, and creed.

Homophobes quickly organized. The Austin Citizens for Decency collected 27,000 signatures on ballot petitions. The initiative would have specifically allowed discrimination against Gays.

The initiative read, "It shall not be unlawful to deny housing on the basis of sexual ori-

entation." The leaders of the signature campaign said they didn't challenge the 1975 anti-discrimination laws because "they slipped quietly onto the books." Housing was a different issue in Austin — it got people fighting. One thousand angry citizens jammed the City Council last August when the Human Relations Commission proposed their measure.

It is illegal to perform homosexual acts under Texas law. Therefore, said the head of Citizens for Decency, Dr. Stephen Hotze, it's improper to protect Gays from housing discrimination. "It's like thieves or murderers trying to gain political power," Hotze said. "The public ought to be outraged."

Citizens for Decency, according to an earlier story, filed with the *S.F. Chronicle*, also based their case in part on religion. In a fundraising letter they urged supporters to "fast and pray" and to send cash to "stop the sodomites and destroy the foundations of the wicked in our city."

## Democratic Party Opens Arms to Gays

The Democratic Party reaffirmed its inclusion of Gays and Lesbians this week. At a Washington, D.C., meeting of the Hunt Commission, members approved a requirement that Gays be included in "affirmative action." Gays would be recruited.

In the past the delegate selection process has made no room for Gay delegates. That will change.

Jim Foster, special consultant to Democratic Party Chairman Charles T. Manatt, said that the move is based on the party's recognition of the Gay contribution. "We are

in," said Foster. "Gay people are now recognized as a real part of the Democratic Party."

The Hunt Commission (named for a former governor of North Carolina) was charged by the National Committee to come up with new programs on the selection process. It turned back efforts to reinstate quotas for ethnic groups; a 50 percent quota for women, however, was toughened.

Foster speculated that the Kennedy forces on the commission would have pushed for the Gay recruitment.

## New Trends, New Tricks

"C" as in Clap

It's no secret that all forms of diseases are rampant within the Gay community, particularly those delicate strains of a venereal nature. A new sex club opened in New York called The Meridian. Unlike some of the other sleaze joints, Meridian has its potential members carefully screened through an interview and given a doctor's examination before acceptance. According to *New York Native*, once the new member is given a clean bill of health and pays his \$20 a year membership fee, he is handed a gray button with a white stripe. Now here comes the code, boys! If the stripe is worn vertically it means you have had sex with a non-member and might be contagious. If worn horizontally it means you've kept free of the riff-raff and you're prime meat.

After the initial groping and probing, however, the honor code insists that you inform your partner of your previous hankypanky. Code A indicates heavy kissing and mutual jerkoff. Code B stands for regular fucking or fingerfuck-

ing. Code C means you're into rimming and fistfucking. Meridian is located at 424 E. 73rd Street (on the opposite side of Manhattan from Needle Park) and is run on the honor system. Club members are required to take an oath when inducted not to lend out their cards or pins. And it's such a nifty way to learn the alphabet, too!

If you're still terrified of sticking your tongue into something that's infected, the *Chicago Tribune* has just the thing for you. Famous Amos cookies has come out with a new line of cookies they call "Baked Works of Art," with designs ranging from Cartier watches to Bloomingdale's credit cards and custom-designed company logos. The *Tribune* reports that the company's best-sellers are still the long-stemmed rose cookies. At only \$32 a dozen, they're the same price as the real thing. You can eat them instead of watering them, and you needn't worry about the thorns touching off your gag reflex.

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VOL. XII NO. 3 JANUARY 21, 1982

NEXT ISSUE OUT: JAN. 28

NEXT DEADLINE: JAN. 22

## VIEWPOINT

## LETTERS

### Gay Education: Rising Expectations

In the next several issues, the *Bay Area Reporter* will investigate and lay out new dimensions in the march toward liberation and fulfillment. **Gay Education:** We have assigned seasoned writer Michael Lasky to discover who's been doing what, what opportunities exist and are in blueprint, and what's down the road in this decade — already labeled as one of lowered expectations.

Lasky will check on what's "out there" and what's being brought into our midst, and what more we can do for ourselves.

The main point will be the last factor of the above: what can we expect and what we can do to enhance our lives, to improve our prospects.

It's all too common knowledge that all too many young Gays and Lesbians arrive in this city with aborted educations and unmarketable skills. Either they have experienced such abuse in secondary school that all they could wait for was to get out and away, or they threw in the sponge on some career hope, for on coming out of the closet all that work and all those goals seemed pointless.

In the big city (just to survive there) another group sold themselves cheaply (all but denying their credentials) just to take on a marginal job, one without pressure, and without promise. Having concluded that the executive suite was permanently closed to their touch, another group settled for middle management as the top rung. Heading up hospitals, consulates, corporate divisions were not worth the effort (unless one remained smoke-screening from the closet).

For two decades now the common complaint has been that there were no alternatives to the bars, baths, and sundry sexual smorgasbords. This is no longer true. By 1982 there were so many alternatives flourishing in San Francisco that we'd need 50 more bars to offer alternatives to the alternatives. There currently exists every religious, athletic, artistic, political, social outlet conceivable. And any Gay or Lesbian who in this beehive of activity is lonely or feels rejected deserves to be so. For the problem is not the lack of interest of others but their own lethargy, misanthropy, and maudlin self pity.

A keystone to the American Dream has always been, from Thomas Jefferson on down, and will remain, education. In our time the concept has been expanded; today we talk in terms of bringing the campus to the students, be they in their homes or their ghettos. We also talk in terms of second and third chances. (When in the last decade has one heard of anyone flunking out — without reprieve — in the last months of the fourth year of medical school as they were wont to a generation ago?)

Hence the idea of bringing higher and continuing education into the Castro to those who are loathe to travel to it — is without challenge. All that is needed is the demand.

On one level the San Francisco Community College (thanks to Board Member Tim Wolfred) will be offering Gay classes in the neighborhood. This past semester they had two going, plus one in Mace training. The drag has been securing an appropriate site in the heart of the Gay traffic. The facilities at Holy Redeemer on Eureka would have been ideal, but the church, is the church, is the church... Instead of the horses we would have frightened the stars.

Another hats off goes to Bill Upton a counselor at the Gough Street Community College Center and its director Welton Meeks. They are visionary men.

This semester the offering will be expanded, held at Everett Junior High on Church & 15th. What's offered might not be what each one has their cap set on, but the game's name is to get the classes launched, get them full to overflowing, and with students frothing for more. The Community College is committed by its very definition to create a supply where there is a demand.

The prospects of a Castro Gay College are there for the taking. We cannot be denied. They will be opened to all, but they will be taught by Gays and Lesbians, the focus will be Gay within the subject matter or skill, and Gay students will be the target and the stars.

Once again San Francisco's Gay community is given the chance to break sociological ice. Our only enemy will be our apathy... but isn't everyone's...?

P. Lorch

### GOOD TURNS AND TURNABOUTS

★ Please thank whoever wrote about Stanislas and Brie in your last issue for his jocular good words. I like satire and the author of this one not only chose a deserving subject, the notorious gay chicism, but played it with a well controlled tone.

Michael Lasky's second thoughts on *Pennies From Heaven* was less admirable. It's perfectly acceptable for a reviewer to change his mind, and always encouraging to find one with the confidence to do so, but the way Lasky reconsidered is bad. Actually, he didn't reconsider at all but merely retestified, turned pro from con. Why not have him share whatever musings shaped this change of mind? Few readers are so submissive to a reviewer's judgment that heneed not explain it.

I make a point to read *B.A.R.* before any of its competition and am pleased by its varied coverage.

Here's hoping *B.A.R.* gives '82 a good stir.

Scott Treimel  
San Francisco

### A PUBLIC THANK YOU

Dear Friends of San Francisco:

When I say friends, I mean all the people, the bike clubs, the organizations, and the bars (and other places of business) that have helped me through this ordeal that I have been going through.

What can one say? You people who auctioned items and kept track of the monies collected, who gave up your free time for me; that means a lot. I guess a yes, a please, a thank you, and being honest does pay off. My intentions have always been good — sometimes it just didn't seem like it (maybe just a misunderstanding) and, I admit I'm the original "open mouth, insert foot" which has caused me more problems, but for all the good you do, it comes right back: remember that!

This painful virus I had, herpes, comes in three stages. I had acute herpes zoster, and it wasn't so cute; it hurt. Having it during the holidays hardly helped, and not working or being insured made it worse. Talk about being down and out.

Then, this community heard about my plight and came to my aid — no questions asked. Where else but in San Francisco would you find people like this? I wouldn't be on the road to recovery if it weren't for all of you. It's not easy for me to be humble, and I am. Thanks for helping.

You people are truly amazing. I'm grateful.

I know that all of our good thoughts are with others who are having problems. Get well wishes to Daryl Jean from Febe's, to Daryl Gled from the White Swallow, to C.M.C. member Dan Hosey, to South of Market's Frank Benoit, to Dowager King Father Jim Smith (amongst others I'm sure). But if this community comes forth, as it has done for Daryl Jean and me, all will be well.

Randy Johnson  
San Francisco

### "DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM"

★ In George Mendenhall's front page obituary of Bishop Ray Broshears (*B.A.R.*, Jan. 14, 1982), the one glaring inaccuracy which appears is, I am sorry to say, probably my fault. At the time that George contacted me to find out about Ray's ministerial background, I was still sufficiently in shock at the death that I was not as clear as I should have been.

George writes: "He (Broshears) was ordained in four different churches, including the fundamentalist Pentecostal and mail-order ministry of Universal

Church... At one time Broshears was a priest in the Byzantine Primitive Catholic Church and elevated himself to become a 'Bishop.' (Wilhelm reports that Broshears took his Christianity seriously and was motivated to do good deeds by it.)"

I now find myself in the strange position of defending Ray's ministry. Many of your readers and readers of other gay publications know that Ray and I were often at points of polar opposition. However, much as Ray's theology and that of our Church-Community differed, I must agree with Elmer Wilhelm concerning Ray's having taken his Christianity seriously. The Old Folks' Defense League, the Old Folks' monthly luncheons, his benefits at the V.A. hospital, all these and other things clearly demonstrate the good deeds to which he was motivated by it. My major difference with Ray has always been mainly in the realm of the political.

Ray was originally ordained in the Pentecostal Church of God, a ministry which he held until he was disfellowshipped by them for being gay. He considered himself to still be in the ministry, and in 1962 was ordained Priest by the Most Reverend Christopher Maria Stanley in the Byzantine Primitive Catholic Church (American Orthodox), after he had experienced a spiritual leading towards a more liturgical and sacramental form of worship. Shortly afterwards, he apparently was also consecrated as Bishop by the late Archbishop Stanley; but still considering himself, as he so often put it, "an old country preacher," he did not use the title of Bishop until the late 60's or early 70's — and then not with any consistency, which is what led to much confusion. Ray's connection with Kirby Hensley's mail-order "Universal Life Church" was a misperceived marriage of convenience, more than it was anything else. When he arrived in San Francisco in 1965, he believed that he could not function in his ministry here unless he was within a non-profit religious corporation. While that betrays a certain innocence concerning the law (there are many recognized "unincorporated religious associations" under California law) it also explains why he was loosely affiliated with the Universal Life situation from 1965 until 1968 when his independent Orthodox Episcopal Church of God incorporated, originally as a California affiliate of the Byzantine Primitive Catholic Church (American Orthodox).

Peculiar though it may seem to many who knew him — or, more likely, to those who only knew of him — the Right Reverend Raymond Charles Broshears was a Priest and Bishop within the apostolic succession from the Old Catholic Church and the Church of Antioch, whose ministry would be recognized as valid though irregular by most Catholic and Orthodox authorities.

I for one would like to thank George Mendenhall for a balanced obituary.

I have seen Ray demonstrate a genuine Christian love for many of those whom the "respectable leadership" of the Gay Community perceive as unlovable and, indeed, untouchable. For this reason, if for no other, I must reluctantly say that the end of George's obituary was disfigured by quoting the rantings of psychologist (I almost wrote psychoquack) Martin Stow.

As a former therapist myself, who left the profession early due to the totalitarian context it almost invariably creates between "therapist" and "patient," I must say that Dr. Stow's comments betray the worst aspects of the profession. Ray did demonstrate love — and anger. Apparently, like so many of his breed, Martin Stow is unable to distinguish righteous anger from hostility. May God protect us from all those who come along with instant analysis and its obvious concomitant, instant cure.

The Rt. Revd. Mikhael Itkin, C.I.C.  
Bishop  
Community of the Love of Christ  
(St. Thomas Christians of India: Syro-Chaldean)  
Priory of St. Thomas and St. John the Beloved  
San Francisco

# B.A.R.

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# LETTERS

## BURY THE BAD NEWS

★ I only wish George Mendenhall had the professionalism of Harry Britt in regards to Rev. Ray Broshears' death — No comment. Had this taken place we wouldn't have to read the slime on the front page of your January 14, 1982, publication.

Robert J. Posey  
San Francisco

## THE ARCH SPOILER

★ Many voices from the Gay Establishment expressed glee at the death of Rev. Broshears. They rejoiced too quickly. Broshears changed the infrastructure of the Gay community in ways that brought financial gain to Gay businessmen. They won't do so well with Broshears not around to help them.

During the late 60's and early 70's, I was closely affiliated with the Gay Lib Movement and Broshears. I saw him every day and was privy to his every tactic. During those years, I wrote about 30 Gay Lib news stories per month for various publications, including B.A.R.

Here's some examples of how Broshears inadvertently profited the Gay Establishment at the expense of common Gay people:

Many Gays died in a series of fires in the early 70's. Some 20 odd people died in a New Orleans bar because fire blocked the only exit. Many more died in three bath house fires in San Francisco. The deaths were attributed to plywood partitions, padlocked exits, toxic carpets and furnishings, and lack of sprinklers.

Gay Lib focused on action to correct the unsafe conditions. They believed that Broshears was the kiss of death for any project, so they tried to exclude him from the safety crusade. He had an uncanny ability to demoralize and destroy, and he loved to take over other people's projects.

He sent out press releases. He filed complaints with the police and fire departments. Inertia was a factor in the collapse of the safety crusade, but Broshears vilified the volunteers with vicious personal attacks and threats. The negativity and hate he exuded demoralized the volunteers. Soon, they all dropped out.

The project went to Broshears by default. The City authorities knew that Broshears had little community support, so they ignored his complaints about the unsafe conditions. So he changed tactics; he filed numerous complaints and legal actions against firms for permitting sex on the premises. Thus, what had started out as a community crusade for safety in Gay public places ended up as a personal vendetta by one man against firms and the sexual conduct of their customers. The authorities responded to his new tactic. The Freitas agreement, that turned the public baths and clubs into private, Gay-only clubs was one of the results.

The "moral" victory went to Broshears. The money went to the firms. They didn't have to spend a cent to make their places safe, and they were able to extort millions in membership fees.

The losers were the common people, who must continue to live, and perhaps die, with the plywood, toxic plastics and padlocked exits. CUAV note well: one fire bomb tossed into the single exit of a bar or bath can kill more people than all the flag-bashers in history.

I could write a book about how Broshears crusaded to destroy the movement to organize Gay workers, about how he instigated the police to drive the public-sex queens out of the tearooms and bushes and into the baths and glory holes, about the role he played in the destruction of the Gay Liberation Front, the Committee for Homosexual Freedom, and the Society for Individual Rights by vilification and demoralization, about how he contributed to the demise of *The Advocate* as a Gay Movement publication. I could go on and on. In almost every case, the moral victory went to Broshears, the money went to the firms, and Gay people were the losers.

Despite all this, I still think Broshears had many great ideas. He was well intentioned, but he had some wires crossed that often turned his good intentions into evil results.

I propose that a Rev. Raymond Broshears Memorial Committee be organized to carry on his work. I don't mean the unintended evil results of his doings, but that the good intentions of his work should be carried on. Ironically, his good works have a better chance of success without him about to fuck things up. The first Gay parade was co-organized by Broshears and Bob Humphries in 1972. The 1973 parade was put on by Broshears almost single-handedly. Had it not been for Broshears, the Gay Freedom Day Parade would probably have been a one-time event. We are lucky to have had him to keep it going, and lucky that control was taken from him in 1974, before his self-destruction could ruin the parade. Hospitality House, another of Broshears' projects, is flourishing today; but it would have gone defunct long ago had they not gotten rid of him.

I have little time to put into organizing such a project, but should anyone be interested I can help by providing meeting space and input of ideas. Call me at 431-2188.

Rev. Fr. Don Jackson  
San Francisco

## ON THE DEATH OF RAY BROSHEARS

★ The SFPD has just lost its most highly "valued" and valuable "friend." Will votive candles secretly be lit in his name at St. Ignatius? Or St. Mary's?

Name Withheld By Request  
San Francisco

## THE MEASURE OF THE MAN

★ For the last year, in fact just shortly after the Rev. Ray Broshears printed a slanderous article in his *Cruader* on page 3 with my picture and headlined "Perkins Calls the Cops," ever since that article I have received at least two and often as many as five harassing phone calls every day.

Also shortly after said article I started receiving in the mail hundreds of unsolicited items requested by someone who filled in information wanted forms in my name. Attached is a copy of such a form received by Alta Bates Hospital and forwarded to me upon request.

As far as I know I can't think of nothing which I did to Mr. Broshears which might stimulate such activity on his part. In fact, Mr. Broshears was the one and only gay newspaper editor who took time out during the elections for supervisor several years ago and called me on the phone to discuss my campaign.

I gather now from reading about his activities in more detail that such actions were characteristic of Mr. Broshears.

All I can attest to is that suddenly last Thursday those harassing phone calls which have been plaguing me for over a year — STOPPED.

Steve Perkins  
San Francisco

## STATEMENT BY RINK

★ I was invited to photograph the Moscone Center disco party produced by Dick Collier and John Vukas on January 16th. My tickets were confirmed a week before.

Three days prior to the event I learned that my promised photography access was denied by Collier and Vukas.

It's bad enough that certain Lesbian and Gay groups bar press photographers for reasons of supposed illegality, closetry, and "attitude" — irrational snobishness, all of which denies a record of part of our community experience. But for a segment of the press to be invited and then dis-invited is not to be taken lightly.

The people who promote and produce events are mad for publicity of any kind when they're building up their businesses. But what they forget is that while they enjoy showing aloof contempt for the press after they've "made it," the same people will be mercilessly exposed for what they are, on their way down — by the same mistreated press.

Rink  
B.A.R. Staff Photographer

## BEYOND ANOTHER FIRST ENCOUNTER

★ Independent of the many personal euphorias and sadnesses of the night, the Moscone affair remains far below the threshold of passion, far below the threshold of real celebration. In the pursuit of that which is eventual, that which is significant, we have indulged in only quantity, plain quantity. More lights, more sound, and more hunky men. And lots of very expensive drugs. Big fucking deal . . . if only it had been.

Until Gay San Francisco gets beyond its little quantity trip we will remain locked below real celebration, indulging mostly in our own boring wastefulness. The product of such affluent foolishness is the absolute antithesis of the joy and beauty of real celebration.

Making the sweat on our beautiful bodies worth something requires more than suggestive stance and movement. It requires gesture that comes from the heart. That demands that we let our hearts out from behind the big tits that guard them so well. May I suggest that we can the plastic scene with millions of boring flashing lights and distorted disco electronics, and without the desperate attempt to be sophisticated. Let's get a space, let's get about fifty real live drummers who can drum 'til dawn, let's have some tribal olympian fire pits. Hot hunky men have to prick their fingers and bleed on each other, become blood brother, blood people. A smile is required to enter. Let's get into pulling each other in and breaking through the threshold of passion, that which is required to make things real. Play is not play unless one can go beyond. Celebration demands ritual . . . that means passion — threshold — passage. Celebration is a far cry from the drug illusion to keep it up, on, and moving all night long.

Beyond the encounter, San Francisco, I still love you. And I will dance with you, and I will bring my love to the fire pit at the real celebration that we have yet to see, the celebration that will not pretend to show our worth but create our very special soul. San Francisco is still kickin' in the womb.

Bob Murphy  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: We're glad somebody else said it and not us for a change. For the last word in the "quantity" obsession read our coverage. We had one friend who fled after ten minutes.

P. Lorch

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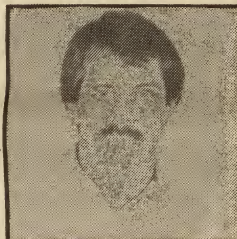
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## Sisters Discharged

by Paul-Francis Hartmann

The case of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence has been discharged in city court.

On Christmas Eve the Sisters who were selling indulgences and accepting religious exchanges at Castro and 18th were cited by the SFPD for merchandizing without a license. They were one of many entrepreneurs hawking their wares along Castro Street that day, but the only outfit cited. The clowns of God did not take the matter lightly and insisted they be included in the Mayor's January meeting with representatives of the Gay community. Overnight the Sisters had gone from highjinks to high politics.

On January 4 Sister Missionary Position began distributing a political tract charging the SFPD and government with harassment. She concluded, "Obviously this situation underscores our need for a civilian review board to monitor and protect our community from wrongful police intrusion of our lives." Sister invited Mayor Feinstein to a session of tea and reconciliation. The Mayor met with Sister to hear her grievances. With a court date pending, there was little the Mayor could do but listen.

To capitalize on their day in court the Sisters decreed that "having decided their priorities for 1982, (they) will ap-



Sister Missionary Position switches from law court to basketball court.  
(Photo by Rink)

pear not in the judicial courts but on the basketball courts."

Continuing their mission of charitable and frolicsome fundraisers, the Sisters will be presenting Score: A Basketball Disco at Kesar Pavilion on February 12. Their frolic will benefit the '82 Gay Olympics.

Sister Missionary Position appeared at the Hall of Justice for her court appearance. The public Defender's office and the District Attorney's office conferred. Sister had changed into full habit and appeared in the corridors outside the courtrooms. The

antics did not further test the system when Sister was informed that her case had been "discharged" as opposed to "dismissed." The discharge means the District Attorney can bring it up again within the year.

Their brief excursion in the world of real politics resolved or somewhat resolved, the Sisters directed their celestial attention back to the basketball court. And Sister Missionary, practicing her game, dribbled her pet basketball down the steps of the Hall of Justice, away from the courts of law.

## Britt Opposes Muni Fare Increase

Supervisor Harry Britt spoke out strongly last week in opposition to proposed MUNI fare increases.

"As a Supervisor and a daily MUNI rider, I know that the people of San Francisco are not getting the MUNI service we were promised when the fare was doubled last year.

"MUNI cannot in good faith ask the people who are forced to ride in overcrowded and unreliable buses to pay more for their inconvenience.

"A MUNI fare increase is a tax on the working people of San Francisco. I oppose this attempt to in effect increase taxes for the great majority of working San Franciscans while there is no fair sharing of the tax burden by those most able to pay.

"In particular, it is almost unbelievable that MUNI would seriously consider raising fares for seniors and the disabled by 400% as reported by the media. If this is a ploy to force other fare increases, it is a cruel one. Seniors cannot afford to pay that kind of increase.

"I intend to work very hard to defeat this and the other proposals when they come before the Board of Supervisors."

## Divisadero Bus Case

## Fag-Basher Pleads Guilty

The assailant in a recent anti-Gay attack on a Muni bus has pleaded guilty to aggravated assault, a felony. The plea was entered in Juvenile Court before Judge Harry Low. Because the offender was under 18 when the attack occurred, his name cannot be made public, in accordance with California law.

The assault took place shortly after 9pm last November 4 on the 24 Divisadero bus as it was heading northbound from the Castro to the Haight. The assailant, accompanied by two of his friends, had been making loud, anti-Gay remarks on the bus. At one point he turned and yelled to Arthur Evans, another passenger, "Why are you a faggot?" When Evans, a well known Gay political activist, responded, "Why are you a pig?" the youth threatened to kill him.

As Evans rose to get off the bus at the intersection of Haight and Divisadero, the youth sprang up from his seat toward Evans, who maced him in the face. The youth then punched Evans in the face, breaking his nose. The two fought until other passengers on the bus intervened and restrained the attacker.

Russ Field, a friend of Evans, tried to keep the assailant on the bus while Evans called the police from a

phone booth near the bus stop. But the youth punched Field and broke away from the bus, together with one of his friends, and ran down Haight Street toward the Fillmore. Evans ran after them, blowing his police whistle. After a chase of several blocks, a police car arrived and caught the two fleeing youths. The assailant's friend was eventually released because he hadn't taken part in the assault.

The case drew the personal attention of District Attorney Arlo Smith, who said in a letter to Evans: "I share your concern about violence in the streets and on the Muni buses. The police report indicates very clearly that the assault upon you had its origins in an anti-Gay bias."

The prosecuting attorney was Peter Cling, who assembled seven witnesses to testify against the assailant, including Evans, Field, three passengers from the bus, and two police officers. In return for a plea of guilty in the assault against Evans, Cling accepted a dismissal of a second charge of assault against Field.

Evans expressed satisfaction with the conduct of both the police and the D.A.'s office and said: "This is one case where the culprit didn't get away. And that's because of strong community support — right from the beginning when the other passengers got involved. If this episode has a moral for the Gay community, I guess it's this: Help each other out and fight back."

The assailant is due to be sentenced in two to three weeks and has been kept in custody at the Youth Guidance Center since the night of the attack. Evans wants him to undergo compulsory therapy or counseling for his homophobia as part of the sentence.

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## Pride Center Fundraiser Nets Over \$30,000

Approximately 260 people attended the Pride Neighborhood Center's fundraiser at the Hyatt Regency January 16. "In excess of \$30,000" is expected to be collected by the time it is all counted up, according to Al Nella, the center's accountant.

"Some of the money was in the form of outright donations, but it was an insignificant amount compared to what was collected from ticket sales," said Nella. Tickets were \$150 a plate.

The money is earmarked for renovations on the recently acquired Pride Center building at the corner of Hayes and Fillmore.

The once Gay-identified Pride Center has expanded its neighborhood services in the heavily Black Hayes/Fillmore district, mainly because of federal funding that was used to acquire the new building.

In addition to providing space and programs for Gays, the Center will also provide childcare and other services for low and moderate income people.



Pride Center entrance on Hayes Street — Hyatt Regency banquet nets \$30,000 for million dollar renovation job and operating expenses. (Photo by Rink)

## Houston PD's Bad Timing

Battling the Police Mentality

Houston's Police Officers Association tried to cover their recent blunder in the December issue of *Badge and Gun*, the association's newspaper. Several members objected to an article on its back cover which ridiculed Gay people — not the most politic thing to have distributed following the election of Kathy Whitmire to the office of Mayor.

The article described what would be a typical night on

the beat in the city's Montrose district if Gay people were allowed to become police officers. Portraying Gay cops as having "lispings, giggling voices," the article accused them of "making sensuous eyes at flaming drag queens" as they patrolled the Montrose district.

"I know several police officers on the force who are Gay and they're the hardest working, most efficient police officers there," stated Lee Har-

rington (President of the Gay Political Caucus). "They happen not to be effeminate. It's unfortunate that some police officers still group Gay men all into one stereotype basket."

Houston Police Officers Association is the largest of the city's several independent police associations or unions. HPOA's Board of Directors admitted that the article was obviously "bad timing" with a new pro-Gay city administration about to take office. They voted to reprint the issue with a general Christmas story replacing "The Gay Centurions."

## Coming Out Is Such Sweet Sorrow

If the trend toward conservatism is making it hard for you to come out of the closet, consider these handy tips from Gary Ostrom in the *Atlanta Gazette*:

1. Never fart in the presence of anyone wearing leather unless requested to do so first.

2. Learn to accept drinks graciously from older men (unless it is a diet cola — in which case it is permitted to kill them).

3. Remember that as with some styles of shirt collars, the sing-along is dead. Your feeble attempt will not revive either one.

4. If you must reject someone's advances, please try to set your tongue on "stun" only. Overkill is always unattractive.

5. Unfortunately, it is still considered quite *declassé* to make a fuss over the presence of the vice squad. If you suspect that someone is a plain-clothes detective, try to see if his image is reflected in the bar mirror.

6. Never ridicule the help (particularly if they're bigger and a lot stronger than you are).

And then of course, there's the cartoonist in the *Washington Blade* who suggested to a novice that while "Call me Ishmael" might be a great opening line, it didn't quite have the same impact in a leather bar.

## Chorus Bill Paid



Dick Kramer (r), Director of the Gay Men's Chorus, presents a check to Rebecca Kramer, Loan Officer of Continental S&L. She is flanked by Susan Howell, S&L Manager, and Jim Mahoney (l) of the Chorus who took out the mortgage on his home. (Photo by Patricia Fearey)

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus retired one of three mortgages used to underwrite the 1981 National Tour, January 14 at Continental Savings and Loan. Proceeds from Mayor Dianne Feinstein's benefit dinner for the Chorus, plus other donations to the Tour Fund, paid the \$49,290.35 note lent by Jim Mahoney, member of the Chorus, who was one of three men who put up their homes to send the Chorus across the country.

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# NGTF Selects New Board

## 2 Locals Take Seats

The members of NGTF recently elected to the Board of Directors six new members. The six replace departing Board members — including Charlotte Bunch and Mel Boozer, who left the Board to join the NGTF staff — and will serve for three-year terms. NGTF's bylaws mandate an equal number of men and women and a minimum of 20 percent Third World representation on its Board of Directors. The six new members are:

**Jo Daly** of San Francisco is a member of the Police Commission ("My picture hangs in every police station in the city!") and operates her own computer services business, a mailing house that compiled the lists for the NGTF/GRNL National Convention Project in 1980 and maintains direct-mail lists for a variety of human rights institutions. Jo was the first Gay liaison to the San Francisco Human Rights Commission back in 1975, a delegate to three Democratic Party national conventions, and a delegate to the International Women's Year convention in Houston in 1977. Her professional training is as a computer specialist.

**Carter Heyward** of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was one of the first eleven women to be ordained as an Episcopal priest. Since that controversial ordination in 1974, she has been involved in writing, speaking, and media work on issues of sexism,

sexuality, homosexuality, and social justice. A native of North Carolina, Carter is currently a professor of theology at the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge.

**Charles Hitchcock** of East Hampton, New York, holds a chair in the Humanities Department of the Southampton Center of Long Island University. He helped found the East End Gay Organization in Long Island, a grassroots group that is now one of the largest in New York State. Chuck has served as a public-education consultant for NGTF, and he is working on a book concerning psychiatrists' attitudes toward homosexuality.

**David R. Kessler** is a Gay psychiatrist in San Francisco. He served two terms as president of the Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights. He has now begun his second year as president of the Caucus of Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Members of the American Psychiatric Association.

**Myra Riddell** is a psychotherapist in private practice in North Hollywood, California. She currently chairs and was one of the founders of Southern California Women for Understanding, an organization designed to bring successful, career-oriented Lesbians into the Gay rights movement. Myra was an original member of the "No on 6" Committee (which organized the successful fight against the Briggs Initiative) and was part of the group that met with Presiden-

tial Assistant Midge Costanza in the White House in 1977.

**Bill Rogers** of Oklahoma City is a lawyer. A founder and current board member of Oklahomaans for Human Rights, he is co-counsel with Gay Rights Advocates in NGTF's federal suit to have Oklahoma's anti-Gay Helm Bill declared unconstitutional. Bill came out publicly last year, and he has been encouraged at his ability to continue to practice law "in the heart of the Bible Belt with the apparent continuing respect of my fellow lawyers and of judges before whom I appear."

The NGTF Board chooses its co-chairs for one-year terms, and at the first meeting of the new Board, Barbara Weinstock of Richmond, Virginia, was re-elected, and Bill Beauchamp of Dallas was chosen to replace Richard Cash, who left the Board upon completion of his second three-year term. A new Executive Committee was also chosen. Besides Weinstock and Beauchamp, its members are: Jose Gomez (San Francisco), Treasurer; Barbara Love (Ridgefield, Conn.), Secretary; Karla Dobinski (Madison, Wis.); Gerald Gerash (Denver); Betsy Hess (Springfield, Mass.); and Carter Heyward. The remaining members of the Board are: Larry Bagneris Jr. (Houston), Jack Campbell (Miami), Barbara Gittings (Philadelphia), Frank Kamenny (Washington), and Pat Norman (San Francisco).

## GUEST COLUMN

### Gay Nuclear Freeze

by Robert D. Graham

Of my whole life spectrum two thoughts permeate my every moment at a much deeper and more intense plateau than all the rest. The one is my Christianity. The other is my sexuality. By the day the feeling grows stronger that my future — and our future — emanates from the magnitude of these two issues. Why? Because more than all others, these two attributes control the basic instincts of humanity.

Rather than wasting words defending an indisputable argument, let me please go on in your trust with urgency. Tonight I was informed that my United Presbyterian Church, USA, has issued a call for its entire national congregation to support a stand taken by the UPC-USA's 193rd General Assembly in favor of a Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze as proposed by Californians For A BNWF. They seek 500,000 signatures for a California petition to Governor Brown that such a proposal be put before the congress from the state that manufactures 30% of the weaponry and houses 10% of the voters. At the present time this remains the only viable first step from hell to our dreamfield of wildflowers.

Gays, Lesbians — all sexual, affectionate people ought to be in the very front of this movement because we are the unquestionable centerpiece on the table of physi-

church — to be a major source of active resistance to the threat of war. People —

### Gays ought to be in the forefront of this movement.

cal sacrifice. We who want more than anyone to hold, to touch, to caress, have the most to lose from nuclear proliferation. It is our physical beauty that is most threatened without a nuclear freeze.

To think in terms of a Christian nuclear freeze — as the UPC-USA is doing — is fine. They have a large body of similar people to stimulate into action. But so do we as Gays. As B.A.R. editor Paul Lorch said in his article on Gay tourism December 24, "Tales of San Francisco in the Gay press are priority items." and, "Gays fly 'United' and can make the difference." These two basic points about our national influence — first, as San Franciscan Gays; second, as Gays — carry with them a responsibility to be at the forefront of social activism. We need — every bit as much as the Presbyterian

Gays — from Provincetown, Greenwich Village, and Columbia, Missouri, need to have a town to follow and a San Francisco to admire. At the present time it will take five to fifteen minutes for the obliteration of both. So I would urge my friends to compete with the UPC-USA for a share in the credit for leading the globe to a mutual U.S.-Soviet nuclear weapons freeze.

Please call Californians For a Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze, in San Francisco at (415) 981-8423. Get some petitions, sign one and get them around the bath houses, the discos, the lounges, the porn shops, the corner bars, the coffee shops, the campuses.

The nightmare has got to be stopped from the streets up! ■

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## MEDIA QUEEN

### New Year's Street Party

The Way It's Meant To Be

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At the stroke of midnight New Year's Eve safety whistles blew and champagne corks popped as people from the four corners of Castro and 18th moved into the streets.

Traffic stilled. Impatient horns were interpreted part of ringing in the new year.

Partying had started early with the bars on Castro full Wednesday afternoon, a full 36 hours away, so anxious were people to leave '81 behind. A circle dance, hands joined, spread to the circumference of the intersection, racing counterclockwise, chanting "82! 82! 82!..."

A white Cougar managed to inch its way down 18th into the middle of the intersection before both driver and passenger, one in denim jacket and cowboy hat, the other in white tank top, took to making out on the hood of their deserted car, as if fulfilling some Hollywood fantasy.

Soon a white Cadillac convertible pulled from the south on Castro, and the driver in a New Year's party hat abandoned his vehicle to the rev-

elers.

While several were necking in the open boot, Kirk Essler, winner of the '81 Bulldog Anniversary (Can you get it up?) Biggest Dick contest, sat atop the backseat in the center, waving to the crowd like a politician, along with Sister Missionary Position on his left in furs that Reds would die



New Year's Eve revelers shake and rattle on Castro. (Photo by Rink)



A white convertible seats playmates. (Photo by Rink)

for, and an unknown drag on his right. Essler said afterwards, "I felt like John Molinari."

When one man at the front right fender fulfilled his life-long fantasy of pissing on a Cadillac, Kirk passed his champagne glass for a fill-up and Sister Mish' took the first ceremonial sip.

A MUNI employee led buses through the intersection with a flare before a handsome stud in a sailor's outfit waltzed Sister Missionary around the intersection in one final solo before traffic was let back through, directed first by Sister Chanel, in so many silver sequins the headlights and streetlights seemed

to radiate from his waving arms in the center of the intersection; later directed by Sister Loganberry Frost, dressed in trench coat and red scarf, passing for Mayor Dianne Feinstein, although somewhat over six feet tall, down on Castro to handle the traffic emergency.

Smiles on so many of the faces suggested a lighter-hearted atmosphere at that world-famous crossroads this year than New Year's Eve in '81 or at the turn of the decade. With high aspirations of the new decade already elapsed, behavior expectations are also lifting. The night was more relaxed than most on Castro, both in dress and facial facades, and no \$40 cover charge for the growing party in the streets.

## Lesbian Workshop

A mini-workshop on Lesbians coming out is scheduled February 2, 9 and 16 at the Women's Building.

The program consists of lectures and group discussions. The specific topics will be fears and anxieties, joys and pleasures.

There is a small charge and the time is 4:45 till 7pm at 3543 18th Street.

For more details call Midgett at 864-0876.

## Houston False Arrest Costs City \$5000

The Montrose Voice, the Houston, Texas, Gay newspaper, reported this week that a Gay activist there collected \$5000 from the city for false arrest.

Reporter Ed Martinez wrote that Ray Hill, "political activist and long-time Gay rights figure in Houston," went to observe court proceedings following arrests in 1980 at a Houston Gay bar. The raid took place a week before Gay Pride Week. Hill covered the trial as manager of radio station KPFT.

Finding the public section of the courtroom full, Hill went to the front of the courtroom and sat in the police section, as reporters frequently do, wrote Martinez. Hill wore his press pass (issued by the Houston PD) displayed prominently on the front of his shirt.

As the prosecution witnesses were questioned, Hill noticed that the police with whom he shared the bench sat there quietly. However, when the defense brought up their witnesses, the same police began "to make broad gestures, making fun of the

witnesses."

The gestures ranged from flapping their wrists to making obscene gestures with their fingers in full view of the jury. They were done behind the back of the defense attorney and the judge had "elaborately turned his swivel chair around to ignore the antics."

With that Hill turned around and made an elaborate show of observing the officers. They stopped once they saw him noting their behavior. Hill asked the name of the officer closest to him. With that the policeman covered his badge. Hill told him that the cover-up was useless because he had a roster of the HPD and the number was showing.

When Hill left the courtroom, the officer followed him and in the corridor asked to see his driver's license. Hill pointed to his press pass and told the officer he was not required to present his identity and refused. He was suddenly surrounded by five police, handcuffed, and taken to jail. He was booked and jailed. The charge was "refusing to identify as a witness," a

class C misdemeanor (a state law that had previously been declared unconstitutional in San Antonio). Hill spent an hour and forty minutes behind bars.

With the aid of Houston's ACLU, Hill took action. He complained to the Internal Affairs Bureau of the Houston PD. They replied after "investigation" that the actions of the policemen involved in the incident were justified.

Hill and the ACLU next filed a suit in city court. The arresting police officer did not appear to testify, and the case was dismissed.

Next a suit was filed in federal court on the basis of a violation of Hill's civil rights. On notification of the case, Houston City Attorney offered a settlement of \$5000. Hill accepted.

The check arrived early this month. Hill gave his ACLU attorney \$1000, kept the rest and planned to stage a benefit for the ACLU to express his appreciation.

know, concluded, "When you and fight."

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## Playing the Numbers Game

Sometimes the news passes from the sublime into the ridiculous. Atlanta Scan reported last month that Georgia Congressman Larry McDonald (the man who brought you the Family Protection Act instead of a Big Mac) is being haunted by his past. At one point Rep. McDonald paid ex-Representative Robert Bauman almost \$3,000 for consulting services just before the former Congressman admitted to having "homosexual tendencies." Bauman was paid for advice on "how best to present conservative issues on the House floor."

Bauman is the Congressman who showed equally impressive talent when his knees hit the floor in front of a 17-year-old boy before the No-

vember 1980 election (in which he was running for a fourth term). He pleaded innocent to the charge of sex solicitation in District of Columbia Superior Court, blaming his problems on alcoholism, but nonetheless lost his bid for re-election to Democrat Royden Dyson.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, a check on past polls run by the S.F. Chronicle showed the greatest response dealt with issues involving controversial personalities with an impact on the Gay community. 63% polled felt that manslaughter was not the correct verdict for Dan White (with 51,776 people responding). When the Chronicle asked on July 10,

1979, if Chief Gain should be fired immediately, out of 35,432 responses, 51% voted yes. A month later, 60% of the 34,808 responding to the poll felt that Jane Fonda shouldn't be a member of the State arts council.

Two of the more recent polls indicated that out of 17,646 callers, only 45% thought San Francisco should clean up its sex scene. Last month, out of 22,314 callers, 39% voted against the Moscone sculpture.

Interestingly enough, two extremely liberal reactions came from San Francisco readers. 73% felt that marijuana farms should not be busted and 71% were against a constitutional ban on abortion.

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## POLITICS AND POKER

WAYNE FRIDAY

A huge crowd expected at the reception for Jane Fonda and Gloria Steinem this Sunday at the home of County Demo boss Agar Jaicks: a benefit for the CED Reproductive Rights Fund (tickets \$25; 863-5560 for info) . . . word from New York that Governor Hugh Carey won't seek re-election came as no surprise to some of his friends here: Dick Hongisto told me only last week that if Carey were to run he would be the underdog to heavily favored Republican State Comptroller Ed Regan . . .

A pat on the back to Supervisor Harry Britt for his announced plan to fight Municipal Railway fare increases: we were promised that the last increase would bring better service on Muni, but ask any regular rider . . . John Sang-er, president of the S.F. Public Utilities Commission, has been re-appointed to another four-year term by the Mayor

year ago yesterday . . . Ed Burke, the chair of the L.A. County Demo Committee and a candidate for the State Board of Equalization, brought out good crowds at Carol Silver's law office reception and at the home of Lia Belli while campaigning here last week . . . Midge Costanza, onetime White House aide to Jimmy Carter and now a Los Angeles resident, is working full-time to raise funds for the Wally Albertson Assembly campaign in that city . . . and from all indications, it looks like author Gore Vidal is planning on Gay and Lesbian support in his expected run for U.S. Senator; Vidal was guest speaker this week at the M.E.C.L.A. breakfast in Los Angeles and addresses the GGBA dinner here . . . and in New Jersey, pro-Gay Congresswoman Millicent Fenwick, who turns 72 years old next month, is seeking the

Maier for that possible Assembly seat out in the Avenue; that one would be fun . . .

This office being flooded with press memos from the Republicans patting themselves on the back because the County GOP Committee finally went on record as supporting an end to the policy of the INS which forbids entry of Gay tourists in the U.S. (the Republicans turned down a similar resolution last year) — well, whoopeeeeee! — better late than never, fellas! . . . former Demo Presidential nominee George McGovern, in town last week, refused when pressed to take himself out of the race as a possible candidate in the 1984 elections . . . and the latest musical chairs politics from the Southland now has presidential daughter Maureen Reagan being urged to drop out



The '82 Alice line-up. (l to r) Arthur Morris, Janell Moon, Jo Kuney, President Connie O'Connor, Margaret Frost, Jim McWhirter, Steve Walters, Sal Russell. (Photo by Rink)

the cops in Beverly Hills couldn't wait to announce to the world that two bottles of amyl nitrate had been found on a nightstand alongside Paul Lynde when he was discovered dead in his bedroom

Senator Alan Cranston, the self-described "possible Presidential candidate," while giving Ronald Reagan a grade of "D" on domestic matters and a "B-minus" on foreign and defense issues, nevertheless ended up voting with the Republican President on 38% of the Senate issues . . . where is the competitive spirit? — last month CRIR President Diane Armstrong was re-elected unopposed. Gary Parker (a Republican candidate for President of Stonewall: and both incumbent Presidents of Toklas and the Harvey Milk clubs are running for re-election unopposed. Either these people are doing such a splendid job there is no desire for a change, or somewhere along the line there is a definite lack of interest . . . An official of the state's Libertarian Party called to say their candidate for U.S. Senator, Joseph Fuhrig, needs exposure (hell, I thought Fuhrig was a household name) and would be willing to talk to us anytime about his desire to eliminate government in every form from welfare to the military and from drug laws to anti-trust legislation . . . I know it seems longer — much longer — but actor Ronald Reagan was sworn in as President one

U.S. Senate seat of Democrat Harrison Williams, the only Senator convicted in the Ab-scam case . . .

Popular East Bay Assemblyman Tom Bates will likely be challenged in the Demo primary by Dan Addario, the long-time number one S.F. Federal Narc, who apparently doesn't know how to make political points: A Chronicle reporter overheard Addario, who walked into a North Beach restaurant recently wearing cowboy boots, remark that the reason he had them on was because "I'm going after the Gay vote." Bates has been a long-time friend of the Gay community and deserves our votes in that race . . . and anti-Gay State Senator John Schmitz, planning to run for the U.S. Senate, has had a new brainstorm and says he is so popular that he now plans to run as a "populist" write-in Democrat as well as a Republican in the June primary . . .

An Assembly resolution, sponsored by Leo McCarthy, and a State Senate resolution, sponsored by Milton Marks, congratulating the 49'ers, was passed unanimously last week . . . Speaker Willie Brown deserves thanks for making sure that Gays were included in the program celebrating the recent restoration of the State Capitol . . . and the latest from the What-is-Quentin-Running-for-Now department has the Supervisor running against Bill

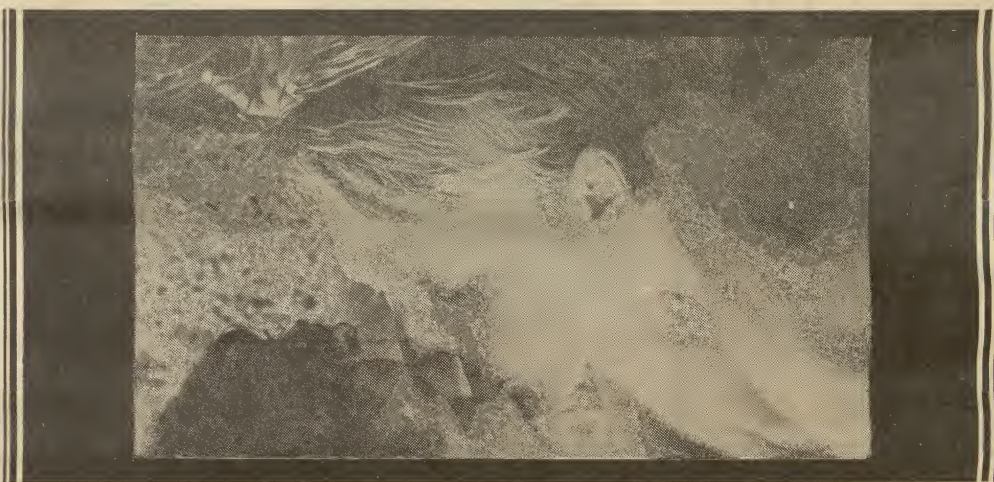
of the Senate race and a possible Assembly race to run for the congressional seat being vacated by Barry Goldwater Jr., who is also running for the U.S. Senate: and the beat goes on . . .

City Assessor Sam Duca appears to be a shoo-in for re-election: no one seems to be willing to run against the friendly Assessor . . . Mayor Dianne Feinstein, commenting on the ERA state ratification strategy, says that she thinks that "the boycott of states which had not approved ERA was a terrible mistake," adding that, "I think it's time for a very important change in our tactics: a lot of people would agree with the Mayor, and many now fear the entire ERA ratification plan is doomed . . . PR rumors flying that Randy Shilts' upcoming book on Harvey Milk, *The Mayor of Castro Street*, tells it all, including an appendix that prints the total transcript of one of Milk's now-famous tapes, and revealing the fifth name on the late Supervisor's "hate list" . . . Senator Milton Marks to address the Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR) tonight at the Hotel San Francisco . . . Probable supervisory candidate Jack Trujillo was one of only two up-front Gays elected this past weekend as delegates to the 1982 mid-term Democratic National Party Convention being held in June in Philadelphia (Larry Eppinette will go as an alternate) . . . ■



**J.BRIAN'S**

# FLASHBACKS



**TWO HARD HOURS OF SOLID ALL-MALE ACTION**

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## Saturday Night at Moscone Center

SUPERVISOR HARRY BRITT

Saturday night the spirit of San Francisco found its way to Moscone Center.

As I stood on the stage and looked out on the vast room where thousands of people were dancing, I wished all the other elected officials in San Francisco could have seen what I was seeing.

The sheer number of Gay people was amazing — 11,000 — filling a dance floor that stretched for hundreds of feet. The energy, the enthusiasm, the fun people were having, couldn't have failed to impress any visitor.

First Encounter at the Moscone Center was an expression of a huge and growing community with a spirit that shows we can never be pushed back into the closet. That

strength and spirit shows itself in many ways, but First Encounter showed one of the things that's most important about our community — we know how to have fun.

Gay people know they have a community and that community gets together to party in ways that too often have been lost in much of Western society — the street corner, the fair, the parade, and events like First Encounter. This kind of coming together is one of the best things about being Gay.

A great part of the success of the party was that it took place at the city-owned Moscone Center. I have in the past met with those who direct the Center and have been assured that they would run it as if it belonged to all the people, which it does.

Saturday night the Convention Hall, which in most cities would be reserved for conventioners and more sedate events, was ours — and I think it will be a long time before anyone else matches what we did there. It was a symbol of our role in San Francisco. I felt good about us that night, and it seemed appropriate that it was at the party that I heard the news of our great victory in Austin, Texas.

Of course, the culture and community we are developing depends on the growth and talent and hard work of a wide spectrum of people, and First Encounter's success depended on some of them.

First of all, Sylvester. Sylvester, who struggled for years in San Francisco, who entertained us for years until the rest of the world got smart enough to listen too, came out of our community. It was clear on Saturday night that Sylvester hadn't forgotten that, as he recalled his days singing at the Elephant Walk and dedicated a song to all

the people there, and the Lesbians and Gay men of the city, who helped sustain him on his rise to stardom. Sylvester, as always, was extraordinary, and we are proud of him.

The talents of many others made the event a success. John Vukas as organizer, Dick Collier of Trocadero (both of whom I asked the Board of Supervisors to honor with Letters of Commendation), Craig Morey and Mike Lewis who did the music, Jim Feldman and Ed Breed on lights, Dan Tamagno and Bruce Trondson who oversaw the sound system — all have skills which helped to transform Moscone Center and to make the event extraordinary. There are many, many others whose talents and work deserve attention, but I'd like to mention Fred Badalamente, Steve Grosvenor, Chloe Warren, Norm Mason, and Alan Johnson.

First Encounter was in the tradition of the Great San Francisco party which has been pioneered over the

years by Conceptual Entertainment's David Bandy and Gary Roverana.

Even the world's longest coat check line didn't detract from the general enthusiasm, perhaps because there was so much to look at while you were waiting. At any rate, as I stood in line in the wee hours of the morning, I didn't hear any complaints.

Those of us who work in the Gay and Lesbian movement know that we need to work for change on many fronts. Being Gay is still tough, and we have a lot of hard work to do before the whole world celebrates the spirit shown at First Encounter. We need to stand up for ourselves on every front, and we need to work for a better world for the poor, for minorities, for women, and for everyone.

It's a long and serious struggle, but there's nothing to prevent us from having a great time along the way. Our love and our joy are an important part of what we have to offer each other and ourselves.

Keep on dancing!

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## DOLLARS AND SENSE

### Business Profile: National Realtor

ARTHUR LAZERE, C.P.A.

The founding of the National Association of Business Councils, the nationwide Lesbian and Gay business and professional organization, at the turn of the 1980 decade was an event that happened in a historical context. The organization did not simply appear at that time because a few people willed it to exist. Rather, the NABC is a natural outgrowth of a lucrative, increasingly visible Gay market, combined with the maturing mass movement for the rights and dignity of Gay people. A threshold has been reached where Gay entrepreneurs are reaching beyond local markets and developing multicity operations.

In recent years a number of non-Gay realty operations developed at the national level — companies such as ERA and Century 21. With the strong representation of Gays in local realty markets and a high level of intercity mobility on the part of Gay people, the time is ripe for the development of a national Gay realty network. The first such operation, Realty Referrals, started in 1980 — not in New York or San Francisco or Los Angeles, but in Portland, Oregon. With the advent of "800" telephone numbers, such an operation didn't have to be in a top 20 metropolitan area. Rather, it required only a realtor with imagination, drive, and entrepreneurial instincts. That person is Don Clarkson, founder and president of Realty Referrals, Box 14221, Portland, Oregon 97214.

Clarkson, 37, is a tall, rangy, soft-spoken native of the Northwest. The youngest of three brothers, he was born and reared in Tonasket, Washington, a small lumbering town in eastern Washington, near the Canadian border. ("It's a Company town

and we were the Company.") Although his first homosexual encounter was as a teenager with the minister of the family church, the experience was traumatic and guild-laden, and Don repressed his homosexuality until much later in life. He married in college (Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon; B.A. in English) and he and his wife, both teachers, taught in Portland and then in Salt Lake City. Finding the latter not to their taste they returned to the Oregon coast where Don started in the real estate business. They have a daughter, now seven years old.

When Don finally confronted his homosexuality and came out at age 34, he and his wife separated amicably. ("She's my best friend, a wonderful woman . . . She's very supportive: she even set me up with a [male] date one time!") By this time Don was the manager of a very large Portland real estate agency where he was totally closeted. He recalls, "And then it started hitting me at work. I didn't realize the number of queer jokes that are told on the average day in the average office. Once I made the switch in my own mind — I am now queer — I didn't like what they were saying about me. I was always a joker. I'm sure I did tell queer jokes, but, boy, all of a sudden it was not funny." Despite deeply felt fears for his job and his career, Don began gradually coming out at the office. To his surprise he discovered two Lesbians among his coworkers. And the others in the office came around quickly. The queer jokes stopped — at least within his hearing.

When Portland's Metropolitan Community Church held a memorial service after the assassination of Harvey

Milk, Don attended and soon became an active member of the church. He also participated in Portland Town Council, the local Lesbian and Gay political organization.

Then Don decided he wanted to spend his time remodeling old houses. He bought an old Portland show-house and resigned from the agency for which he worked. But his reputation in the Gay community was so well established that the phone rang constantly with realty business. Within three months work on the house had stopped, and Don set up his own local agency, Neighborhood Realty, which became his focus of attention. Referrals from out of town realtors with Gay clients moving to Portland led Don to the idea of setting up the national operation. Realty Referrals is the only organization of its kind — a national network of Gay and Gay-supportive real estate brokers. It was a logical development.

And it was a logical development for Clarkson to take the lead in organizing the Cascade Guild, Portland's Lesbian and Gay business and professional organization. Filling community needs for business networking and an alternative social outlet were part of his motivation, but it is clear that most important to Clarkson is the educational mission of such a group. The Cascade Guild lets people know that Lesbians and Gays are in all kinds of businesses and professions; it breaks down the old stereotypes. Says Clarkson: "I want people, Gay and non-Gay, to know that one can be Gay and successful in whatever one wants to do."

One of a series of profiles of Lesbian and Gay business leaders.

### Vidal to do Town Meeting

Author and media celebrity Gore Vidal has agreed to be a guest at a Town Meeting the night following a banquet appearance here.

Jointly sponsored by the CDC and the three Gay Democratic clubs (Milk, Toklas, and Stonewall), Vidal will appear Friday, January 29, from 8 to 10pm at Everett

Junior High (16th and Church).

Admission is \$1 (the hat will be passed later in the evening) with the proceeds divided between the three clubs for their 1982 campaign expenses.



# GREATER BAY NEWS

AN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SUNNYVALE REDWOOD CITY PALO ALTO MONTEREY PLEASANT HILL VALLEJO BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMPBELL FREMON

## OAKLAND

### Quiet Days in Oakland

#### FRUGES CONSUMERE NATUS? (The Nose Searched in Vain)

The nemesis of any writer, nothing about which to write, seems to have lain heavily upon my shoulders this month. Aside from a "Chili Cook-Off" (which must wait until a future column) there hasn't been any event or function going on around this town!

Duty does call, however, and here I sit at my Smith-Corona with no milestones or millstones, no inanities or insanities to write about!

The predictions that I made after the new year, tongue in cheek, to be true, proved more of my foot in my mouth! Far too many people were frustrated and upset by my nonsensical notations, not looking for the ridiculousness of them all.

However, I did manage to glean some bits of information recently, both of which are on the sadness side of reporting.

My deepest sympathies to John (Bench & Bar) on the passing of his father and his uncle, both within days of one another.

Also, I have to offer my condolences to Queen of Hearts III, Lady Stephanie. She had just moved into a new apartment, had not spent one single night in the place . . . All of her belongings were still in the packing boxes . . . and she was ripped off during the day, while at work! From the long list of missing items, the dastards must have spent all day, selecting and choosing at will from all that was there. The only revenge, so far, was some of their blood drawn by a protective Siamese cat! Even though her outward appearance is that of the same old Stephanie, I can imagine that deep inside is that feeling of disgust, mistrust, and emptiness.

On a brighter note, I heard that Berry's had a free chili feed the other evening . . . and all the goodies were prepared by "Little Mother." That's nice!

#### VETERIS VESTIGIA FLAMMAE (The Nose Remembers)

The Lake Lounge continues with its "Country Fridays" featuring a beer and a shot of Schnapps for \$1.50, and hot dogs for 50 cents.

The White Horse has live



East Bay Royalty was well-represented at the San Francisco Empress Candidate presentation by (l to r) Lady Stephanie, the current Queen of Hearts, and Lady Cha Cha, current Imperial Crown Princess and heir to the Alameda County Imperial Empire throne. (Photo by Rink)

music on Wednesday nights, and special prices on beer. It's your Country/Western Wednesday every week!

In February look for Emperor Tony's annual King and Queen of Hearts Ball, a charity for Children's Hospital of the East Bay.

Ms. Gay Alameda County II, David will conduct a "Spring Spree" to San Francisco on April 18.

In May, Lady Cha Cha will hold her annual Closet Ball, for A.C.I.E.

And, Emperor II, Chuck will host the Third Annual Mr. and Ms. Gay/Foxy Lady of Alameda County.

I understand that sometime this coming spring there will be a "Creative Arts Fair" in the East Bay. More details at 11!

#### TABULA RASA (The Nose Does a Favor)

It seems that Howard absent-mindedly left his "Good" lighter on the bar at The Hub in Walnut Creek. His inquiry about same proved fruitless, and he is very desirous of getting it back . . . it has a lot of sentimental value. So, if you find a lighter in your pocket that you don't recognize, it could possibly be Howard's, and he would be eternally grateful if it were returned.

NEZ PAS

#### ONUS PROBANDI!!! (The Nose Doesn't Believe It)

I understand from a reliable source that on Monday, February 8, Big Mama AND Chef Victor will celebrate their birthdays together . . . as if that wasn't enough . . . they are BOTH going to wear kilts! Anyone care for a peek underneath to see just what these two wear under their plaid skirts???

#### COUP DE MAITRE!!! (The Nose Will Be Rooting)

This Sunday, January 24, Super Bowl XVI will be played in Pontiac, Michigan. The Bay Area's own 49'ers (NFL Champs!) will do their thing to those stripe-helmeted inepts from Cincinnati. I'm sure that every bar around the Bay will have TV's tuned to that very important and exciting game! Many places are planning Super Bowl Specials, so I recommend that you check this issue and/or your favorite watering hole for what is happening. I know we are all rooting for the 49'ers! It will really be nice to have another Super Bowl Champion in the Bay Area. YOU CAN DO IT, 49'ers!

Until next time, when I'll present a woman's point of view, wear your smile . . . it's habit forming.

Love,

### Ollie's Presents Play

Ollie's Radclyffe Room, 4130 Telegraph Avenue in Oakland, will host The Gulf of the Farallones production of **That Office!** The performance, at 8pm on Friday, Jan. 22, is a humorous trek into the office ritual. The phone is ringing off the hook, rumors are being washed down with soda pop, and the secretary studies her environment. She rants and raves and dances with the gang. Written by playwright Melinda Mills, Ollie's hopes the play will entertain and enlighten members of the "office community." Admission is \$2.

Other prime events at Ollie's include Experiments in Sound and Movement, on Saturday, Jan. 23, at 8:30pm. This collaboration of music and dance features Adela Chu, dancer; Carolyn Brandy, percussionist/writer; and Rhiannon, a vocalist, in solo, duo and trio combinations. Admission is \$4.50.

Soft Sundays Presents the 49'ers Super Bowl on Sunday, Jan. 24. Spend the afternoon around Ollie's fireplace, watching the game on two television sets.

Sunday, Jan. 30, features the good old-fashioned rock & roll of Bandana Rose, at 10pm.

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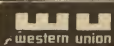
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Jubilant fans at the Starlight Room's 49'er grand finish. More is expected all around town for this Sunday's Super Bowl. (Photo by Rink)

## Super Bowl Sunday

### HAYWARD

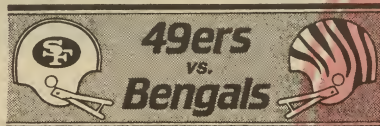
**Big Mama's:** Color TV; 49-cent spaghetti, salad, garlic bread from 11 to 5

**Turf Club:** Color TV; Free hot dogs all day; Pool tournament at 1pm

### OAKLAND

**Bench & Bar:** Color monitors, large screen; 49-cent Schnapps, plus specials after each 49'er touchdown; Brunch will be served 11-4 with Beer Cakes

**Revol:** Color TV; Schnapps \$1.00 if Bengals score, beer or well booze \$1.00 if 49'ers score; Super Bowl brunch special, 1st brunch is \$4.49, 2nd is 49-cents, plus tax



### SAN JOSE

**Aunt Helen's Galley:** 10-cent draft beer during the game; Brunch, 11:30 'til 4; Color TV

**Boot Rack:** Schnapps & Beer (both) \$1.50, 49-cent hot dogs; Color TV

**Stampede:** Brunch, 11 'til 4; 49-cent beer and wine; Color TV

**Renegades:** 75-cent domestic beer; Color TV; 11-6 free hors d'oeuvres

### RUSSIAN RIVER

**Five's:** Color TV; 49-cent beer, 49-cent hot dogs

**Rusty Nail:** Color TV; 49-cent spaghetti

Next Sunday our San Francisco 49'ers meet the Cincinnati Bengals in the Super Bowl. Game time is 1:00pm, and San Francisco's Gay bars are planning for the event with creativity and enthusiasm.

The publicity-grabbing Starlight Room is planning to again give drinks on the house with every 49'er touchdown. They are planning some surprises including the appearance of their host, Empress Char, as a 49'er cheerleader.

At the Midnight Sun they will again be using their huge screens for presentation of the game. They're preparing for another capacity crowd. Also in the Castro area, the Pendulum will be giving free drinks with every 49'er touchdown. Any person wearing what they describe as "49'er drag," which means the team's buttons, shirts, jerseys or hats, will be able to drink at their reduced cocktail hour prices. At The Village they will be serving champagne after every 49'er touchdown.

*And they say Febe's started it all...*

At the New Bell Saloon on Polk Street, the game will be presented on their giant TV screen. They will be offering special drink prices throughout the afternoon. The Red Eye Saloon on Jones will also offer special drink prices and in conjunction with their restaurant, Brett's, they will have a spaghetti feast all afternoon. A half-time show featuring Pat Montclair, Brett, and friends will also be presented.

Bars all over the Folsom area are scheduling special activities to add to the excitement of the game. At Febe's, a buffet will be served and they will have TV sets on both floors for the anticipated capacity crowd. The Ramrod told the Bay Area Reporter that they will have 1000 balloons covering their ceiling, and they will be serving hot dogs all afternoon for free. They will also be giving away horns, pom-poms and banners. Additionally, the Ramrod plans on serving champagne at the end of the game.

The Stables will serve hot dogs for 49 cents, wine for 50 cents, and beer for 75 cents. As the mood strikes the bartenders, they plan on buying rounds of drinks for the house. The Eagle is redecorating their bar in '49'er red and gold and in addition to special drink prices they will have a buffet.

In Oakland, Revol at 40th and Telegraph will be showing the game on their giant TV screen. They will also be serving brunch with the price structure of \$4.49 for the first person and the second person gets charged 49 cents. The game can be watched while you eat. Their price policy is unique. They will be selling Schnapps for \$1 every time the Cincinnati Bengals score, and they will charge \$1 for well drinks every time the 49'ers score. Down the street at Ollie's, hot dogs will cost 49 cents and the 49-cent price holds for the beer. Brunch will be served the first two hours of the game, and they are set up so the game can be watched while their customers eat.

In San Francisco, if you want to eat, the Fiddle Fox will be serving brunch starting

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# Gay Bars Go Out for Super Bowl

at 11 am. They promise to get people out fast so they can go to one of the big bar parties, or their customers can stay and watch the game in the bar at the Fickle Fox. The \*P.S. has brunch priced at \$2.99 and the Mint prices their

brunch at \$2.98. They plan on putting additional TV sets throughout their bar so eating and watching the game can be done at the same time.

49'er fever is catching, and the choices are many when it comes to choosing a location

to view the game. With that in mind, it seems only proper to bring attention to the fact that the Bulldog Baths and the Club Baths on Ritch Street will both be having special 49'er parties, showing the game on giant size TV screens

and serving refreshments.

In summarizing the many activities being planned on Super Bowl Sunday, it should be noted that all clubs listed in our report assured the *Bay Area Reporter* that they will have a sufficient number of

by Allen White

TV sets and good reception so no matter where you choose, the picture quality should be excellent.

This is the first time the San Francisco 49'ers have gone to the Super Bowl in their 35-year history.



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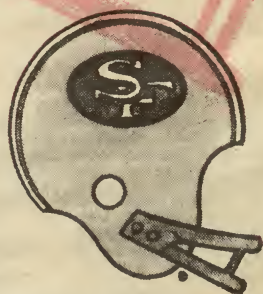
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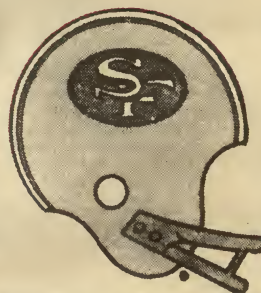
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# ENTERTAINMENT

TAGE SCREEN SHOWS ROCK OPERA INTERVIEWS BOOKS MUSIC THE ARTS STAGE SCREEN SHOWS ROCK OPERA INTERVIEWS BOOKS MUSIC THE ARTS STAGE SCREEN

## Turned-Out Affair Opens S.F. Ballet Season



Chain reactions ripple across the stage like falling dominos in Robert Gladstein's new Stravinsky ballet, "Symphony in Three Movements."

by Keith White

The opening night of the San Francisco Ballet Repertory Season was a gala event in every respect: the most glittering audience decorated each intermission; Gregory Hines, from the cast of Broadway's "Sophisticated Ladies," flew in from New York to sing an Ellington medley before the final ballet and even traded a few tap dancing riffs with co-director Micheal Smuin; the stage rained confetti over the final bows. A very turned-out affair, so to speak. And the program consisted of three premieres.

There had been a great deal of talk about the opening ballet, Anatole Vilzak's eleven classical variations set to assorted passages of music from the Russian Imperial Ballet repertoire, planned for per-

formance only on opening night. It seems like quite an undertaking for a one-shot appearance, with a dozen or more dancers and elaborate costumes, and I think it's bound to turn up on another

program before too long. Choreography in this nineteenth century style is exciting to watch because it relies on sheer technique and showmanship, frequently employing props like fans, ribbons and scarves; Vilzak even had one of the boys carry a bow and arrow through his entire solo variation. But even at its most whimsical, this style subjects the dancer to the ruthless test of the classical vocabulary, requiring something close to star quality from every dancer on the stage. This company doesn't en-

courage star turns (though several dancers, notably David McNaughton, are going for it anyway and probably never needed encouragement). The crisp, self-assured megalomania that the "Variations" needed was not fully provided by every dancer, though some came close. Alexander Topciy dove into his jumping variation with all the force he could muster; Nancy Dickson and Linda Meyer had a duet of practically all multiple turns which they performed in nearly perfect unison. And I was devastated by beautiful Wendy Van Dyck and her partner Andre Reyes, developing dancers of enormous charm.

Robert Gladstein's new Stravinsky ballet, "Symphony in Three Movements," is a handsome, large scale work. The music is relentless and demands copious movement, which Gladstein has abundantly provided. I am amazed at the ease with which he is able to move large groups of dancers on and off the stage in a flash: you could blink and miss a major entrance. While there were excellent duets and ensembles occurring through the ballet, it is in the dancing for the full company that Gladstein has truly made his mark. Frequently I could see steps rippling across the stage through all thirty dancers — a chain reaction like

falling dominos. A high energy level throughout added further to the work's excitement. I was impressed.

A favorite ballet from the repertoire of New York City Ballet, George Balanchine's "Western Symphony," closed the gala program. "Western" was being danced in San Francisco for the first time, and it looks very good on this company. It consists of largely classical ballet steps dressed in cowboy and saloon-girl costumes, with a wonderful score arranged from Old Western melodies like "Red River Valley," "Rye Whiskey," and the like. The anachronism of saloon girls wearing point shoes is zany but somehow looks right, and so do the men's cowboy boots look appropriate even though they are doing a lot of ballet steps. This ballet is a fortunate addition to San Francisco Ballet's repertoire: the company seems to really enjoy dancing it, and in New York it has remained steadily popular since its creation in 1954.

Such an auspicious opening forecasts an intense, exciting season. Ballet junkie that I am, I'm hoping to make the Opera House a frequent hang-out for the next several months. There will be many opportunities to see the company, so don't be left out. ■



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Coming or Going? Morgan Fairchild might be the beautiful comer, but THE SEDUCTION is a gonor. What could we expect with one writer-director and eight producers but a movie that looks like it's been trashed in a Cuisinart? TV newscaster Fairchild is pursued by crazed photographer Andrew Stevens, who's prettier than she is. She can't get a policeman when she needs one, not even Detective Vince Edwards. He's as yawn-provoking as Michael Sarrazin, who's seen here doing to Fairchild what the movie does to common sense. ■

Michael Lasky



## FILM CLIPS

### ON GOLDEN POND

Golden Agers Retrieve Misdirected Film

MICHAEL LASKY



The incredible cast of ON GOLDEN POND — Hepburn, Fonda and Fonda — rises above the material, even ennobling it at moments.

On Golden Pond is a nice movie. It has nice people portrayed by brilliant actors. There is nice dialogue. There are laughs. There are tears. And all of it is almost sabotaged by the lackluster direction of Mark Rydell, who did so well with *The Rose*.

Of course, to direct Kate Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Jane Fonda is almost like playing God. But only their professionalism and the well-conceived script by Ernest Thompson from his Broadway play saves the picture.

Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn have returned to their summer retreat on a New England lake. You know what you're in for at the start when Kate excitedly remarks in her shaky voice that the loons have returned as well.

Henry all but steals the picture with a characterization so real we forget we are watching Henry Fonda playing a part. He is a crafty but lovable curmudgeon who at 79 has heart problems and endlessly talks about his imminent death. Kate is the mediator of the family. When daughter Jane shows up with new boyfriend Dabney Coleman (a

New Age dentist from L.A.) and his bratty 13-year old son, it's obvious what will happen.

The snotty kid is tamed by Henry and Kate, Henry and Jane have a meeting of the ways and start communicating as they've wanted for years, and the love between Kate and Henry glowingly flows.

The intimate one set play has been opened up. The filler, as is usually the case, is not necessary and, in fact, an intrusion. Director Rydell seems short of imagination and so every transition is yet another Audubon closeup of the ripples on the lake.

Hepburn is... well, Hepburn, and although deft in her portrayal, seems uncannily like Hepburn playing herself. Jane Fonda is splendid in what must have been semi-autobiographical scenes with her father (and thus all the more palpable). But this is Henry's movie and he endears himself to everyone — including most likely the Academy for Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

(Regency 2)

### Cable Car Entertainment

The Board of Directors of the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show have announced that a special award for Outstanding Contribution to Entertainment will be presented to Sylvester. The award was voted for presentation this year to coincide with the introduction of a recording category for the first time to presentation.

Sylvester will be performing at the show, scheduled for February 7 at the Japan Center Theatre. He will join a significant list of entertainers representing a wide cross-section of talent from San Francisco's Gay and Lesbian community.

In addition to the Board of Directors' award, Sylvester is also nominated in the category for Outstanding Entertainer of the Year and his recording, "Too Hot To Sleep," is nominated in the Outstanding Club Recording category.

In addition to the personal appearance by Sylvester, entertainment is also scheduled by Nicholas, Glover & Wray; the Boys Town Gang; Conan; the Barbary Coast Cloggers; Teresa Trull; the San Francisco Tap Troupe and the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus with the Bay Area Women's Brass Quartet.

### Pavlova Returns

"The Pavlova Celebration" will take ballet audiences into the past, when Starr Danias and troupe present ballets danced by Anna Pavlova at the turn of the century.

Danias and co-star Gregory King became detectives of the dance, enlisting the aid of two women who had actually danced with Pavlova, to recreate the dances. Danias,

however, filters all the Pavlova roles through her own performing skills. The spirit and style of the earlier era remains primary focus.

"The Pavlova Celebration" with its two stars and hand-picked company will be at Zellerbach Hall, UCB, on Sunday, January 24, at 8pm. Tickets: 642-9988.

## On Stage

★ ★ ★

THAT OFFICE!

T. Baomi Butts, who recently starred in *Stompin' at the Savoy*, has joined the cast of the hit musical *Street Dreams*. Baomi, who recently completed an international tour with Harry Belafonte, will play "Charlene" in *Street Dreams*, singing some of the show's most popular songs and working in duet with well-known Terry Hutchison. *Street Dreams* is held over at The Old Spaghetti Factory, Thursdays through Mondays, 441-6127.

*That Office!* is a humorous look at the manners, mores, rituals and rigmarole of office life. Written by Bay Area playwright Melinda Mills, the show will be performed by the Gulf of the Farallones group on Saturday, January 23, at 8:30 at the Potrero Neighborhood House, 953 DeHaro. A second performance will be at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, on Friday, January 29, at both 8:00 and 9:30pm.

## Self-Hypnosis for Gays

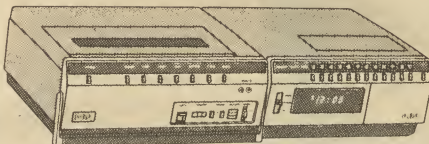
Great Outdoor Adventures will sponsor its second self-hypnosis and visualization seminar January 23 and 30. These seminars, which are conducted at 1618 Castro Street, are specifically geared to the needs of Gay participants.

The instructor is hypnotist Joseph Ite, who teaches self-hypnosis in various Bay Area educational institutions.

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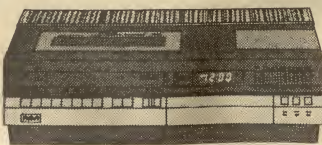
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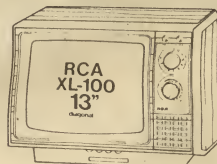
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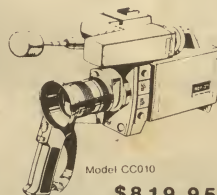
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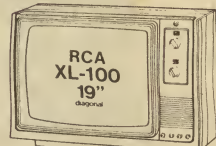
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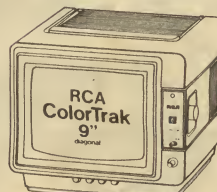
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# Desire Below Deck:

## 'Pogey Bait' Afloat at Theatre Rhino

by John F. Karr



Steev'n Lloyd as Dubois Lambert visits the brig to befriend Joey (Thomas-Mark). Behind Dubois' servile facade is a cunning mind. He helps Joey, but has his reasons for that, too. (Photo by Rink)

**Pogey Bait** is a bold step for Theatre Rhinoceros. Until now, "Gay Theatre" has treated contemporary characters in settings and stories not too far removed from our own lives. **Pogey Bait** is a period costume drama, set aboard a destroyer during World War II. This poses unique problems for the cast and director, not easily surmounted. Director Allan Estes is largely successful in toning down the histrionics of the story, in which a sailor comes out amidst the confines of his ship.

The play proceeds, in a traditional form, as a series of confrontations. Some are friendly, most are not. In his efforts to break a young enlisted man, Captain Daily is the complete ogre. Nello Carlini, in this role, frequently overplays. Some quiet menace would be more insidious, malevolent. And since Thomas-Mark as Joey, the sailor to be broken, displays a naive gullibility, quiet reasoning would sway him quicker than yelling.

As the lover who could smooth-talk his way into Scrooge's bank vault is Ron Lanza. What a pity he has only one scene. His underplaying and masculine presence are as affecting to the audience as they are in convincing the sailor of his true love. I wondered long into the second act whether the man's love was true or feigned.

Mark Merry is believable as the sailor's friend, who just might be treacherous. But it is Steev'n Lloyd, as Dubois Lambert, who becomes a focal point of the action as well as our attention. Double-stepping between Step'n Fetchit and his own crafty intelligence, Dubois befriends Joey, as one more person on board comes out.

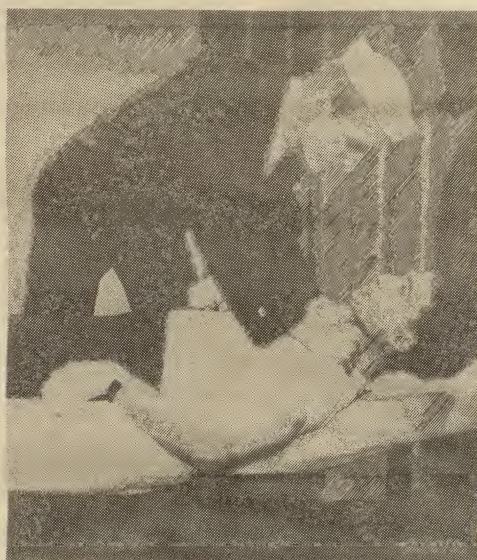
These five characters jockey for position, betray and cajole each other. Author Birimisa's dialogue flirts boldly with the melodramatic. To his credit, though, is a generally believable tone, a touching love scene that cannot go beyond the verbal, and a good deal of comedy in the second act. This act is the more entertaining of the two, due in part to the laborious exposition



Sailor Joey (Thomas-Mark) with lover Lefko (Ron Lanza). Is Lefko stringing him on? Or is he truly a lover? (Photo by Rink)



No question whose side Captain Daily (Nello Carlini, left) is on. He's the villain, trying to browbeat a susceptible Joey into betraying his lover, Lefko. (Photo by Rink)



Joey's friend George (Mark Merry, top) roughs Joey up when he learns Joey is Gay. Whose side is he on? (Photo by Rink)

and interrogations of Act One. Act Two has time for real human contact, some comic relief, and enough explosive plot twists to keep everyone intrigued. Despite an impossible "deus ex machina" (in which the boat is attacked by enemy ships in New York harbor!) it makes for an entertaining evening, if not the most impressive outing of Gay theater. It is, however, a fascinating and successful attempt to lift such theater out of its previous restrictions to contemporary settings. **Pogey Bait** continues until February 6. ■

### Gay Dad Talks

"The Gay Life" on KSNB, 95 FM, will talk to Gay father Bob Basker on Sunday, Jan. 24, at 11pm. The show is the fifth of a six-part series on health, illness, aging, and life-cycle.

Basker is a veteran on both the civil rights and Gay rights movements. He has been active in the struggle for human dignity in Illinois, Florida and California for three decades.

Basker is an openly Gay man who married. He has a Lesbian daughter and a straight son. Among other subjects, he'll discuss the enlightened, sex-positive child-raising methods which grew out of his own understanding and experience of sexual repression and oppression.

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## STAGE

### A Gay Character Does Not Gay Theatre Make



Actor Paul O'Connor, crawling, crying and barking, is a derelict in Nancy Larson's *IMITATIONS*, and holds the audience spellbound.

by Bartlett Naylor

Arthur, the subject of *The Guardian*, a one-act now at Berkeley's Bare Stage, is a Londoner, Gay, seeping into the young edges of middle-age, and the caretaker of a famous body, namely that of a Hollywood starlet. She is now a vegetable, and between comas, he has convinced her into a signing a court order naming him her guardian.

Put another way, according to playwright Joel Ensana, Arthur is on the fringe of every important parameter that governs his life: He is a fan of the famous and not himself well-known; he has no distinct age, and cannot converse on the same plane with either the actress' young daughter or the wizened showgirl; and his sexual preference is not in concert with the Church of England.

Interesting character. Un-

fortunately, Ensana dents this framework with cliché lines and crude writing devices. Overly ambitious for a one-act, Ensana's characters deal with life's forces in 25-words-or-less speeches. The playwright chooses to explore little of Arthur's sexual life, except to use it as a target for barbs from Agnes, the daughter of the famed dancer and Arthur's severest critic. She calls him a queen of movie trivia and derides him for his sexual encounters in Hyde Park. Arthur's only reply is to criticize Agnes' conspicuous lack of stability in her love-life.

Rather, fame and the attraction of the famous dominate Ensana's writing. The players ask what it is about stars that makes us want to know them, or be near them. The hackneyed answer — that the unsuccessful want to identify with the renowned — is finally discovered, an un-

inspiring concept given that these fans are supposed experts of adoration.

Ensana is reportedly not serious about the themes sketched in *The Guardian*, and instead means his work as a comedy. Failure again. While the play is littered with clichés, none are laughable, simply tiresome.

**The Guardian deals with an interesting Gay character, but chooses to explore little of the man's life.**

Finally, subtracting further from the early promise of his work, is the weak cast. Jane Hutzell is adequate as the bitter daughter, and is convincingly nasty. But Nani Kirk as the aging chorus girl and Lynn Pryer as the guardian are stilted and poorly paced. Both treat the tiny theater like a grand stage, assuming standard thespian poses embarrassingly exaggerated to an intimate audience. Unfortunately, Pryer has neither found anything to occupy his enacted emotions when he is not talking, and spends most of his nonverbal time staring dumbly into the speaker's face.

The Bare Stage production, however, is not void of quality, as the other half of the bill features *IMITATIONS*, a well-written and superbly acted play about a derelict dealing with love.

A one-person show, this work is a monologue that weaves recklessly from the familiar to the unfamiliar. Most impressive, while the bum is perhaps mentally retarded, we always understand him. Not unlike Ensana's construction of Arthur, playwright Nancy Larson has created this bum as a character on the fringe of civilization. He has been imprinted with middle-class Americana, yet is drifting into caveman habits, witnessed, for example, by his temple for wild animals.

This is introduced early in the encounter. The derelict is at first defensive of his leafy knoll, which is his home. He barks offensively at the audience, and scrapes a line in the dirt, to demark his property. But soon he becomes more friendly, and shares his Holy and Sacred Temple for Rattle-

snakes and Mosquitos. This consists of a collection of plastic pill bottles which he arranges in a triangle and ladens with french-fry crumbs and an occasional drop of his blood. The crumbs satisfy the snakes. "I know the blood isn't enough for the bugs, but they're smart enough to know that it's the thought that counts," he says.

Through most of the one-act, the bum relates his encounters with a female college student who visits him as part of a class project. He is flattered by her attentions, but unfortunately for them both, he falls in love. Given his primal transformation and her still-socialized mind, the collision of their worlds proves brutal.

Actor Paul O'Connor holds

us spellbound, crawling, strutting, barking and crying as he leads us on a most powerful tour of modern anthropology.

The Bare Stage Theater is in Trinity Center, 2320 Dana Street, Berkeley. Info and reservations at 849-1675. ■

### Painting Show

The oil-on-canvas works of Jim Leff are on display at The Stables, 1123 Folsom. The popular country-style bar houses the paintings in its several rooms, and the subject matter is not tame. The show continues until February 9.

### Pristine Returns

Smokin', Jokin' and Tokin' with Pristine Condition highlights a reunion with underground violin virtuoso Naomi Ruth Eisenberg at 544 Natoma on Friday, January 22, at 9:30pm. Lou Rudolph, performance painter, will be present. Donation is \$4; info is at 621-2683.

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### 'Happy Landings' Settles for a Soft Touchdown

by Paul-Francis Hartmann

Happy Landings, a new play by William Hamilton, opened last week at the Geary Theatre.

The cast was ready; the play was almost so. That statement is on the surface clever but unfair. Actors are not soldiers; hence to be "ready," "on guard," "at rest" is not the just gauge. It is the cast in execution that counts, and if an actor isn't sure how to handle a line (because the line isn't sure how it is to be handled) he is at his craft at less than all eight cylinders. All too many lines in Hamilton's comedy were dealt with by either muffling them or throwing them away.

Happy Landings was most popular with the opening night audience. The play was set in San Francisco; it revolved around Nob Hill/Pacific Heights and the Tenderloin. It dealt with snobbery (the societal haves and have nots). It dealt with alcohol consumption from World War II to 1980 (it was all Herb Caen territory — that terrific town that once was —).

Whether this works in Stamford, Connecticut, or St. Louis, Missouri, remains to be road tested.

The ACT'ers produced some happy surprises: Sally Smythe shone forth in a new dimension as the well-bred, high-strung young divorcee. At times she delivered lines a bit too "actily," but then, the lines were equally less than true. I liked John Noah Hertler for the first time. (As Richard II he was bad, and as The Admirable Crichton he was wooden.) At various times Jill Hill was brilliant as Dede Von Eltz. One must also appreciate that the play rested heavily on the wee shoulders of two small boys, Tom Parker and Nicholas Freedman. They held up their burden admirably.

William Patterson played the hub of the circle — with enough satiric lines to warm the heart of any old-timer. True to Patterson technique, he juiced over each comic bite and epigram and got the most out of every moment. His female counterpart was another veteran, Marrian Walters.

Vulgarity doesn't come easily to this patrician lady. She seemed uncomfortable as the *nouveau riche* Aunt Hopey — throwing away (or unable to stoop to) all too many lines.

William Hamilton is an established cartoonist — whether this has anything to do with being a playwright is doubtful. Yet it might be a key to his comic muse. Hamilton is more than a tickler and a ribber. His lines are sardonic, and the bites he takes can be mean enough to draw blood. Outside of the zany Aunt Hopey (who's got millions) the lines are of characters who are not happy with the state of American affairs — moral, social, economic, sexual.

Set in America's favorite city, San Francisco 1982... Hamilton spared us but one contrived joke on the Gay presence (thankfully it didn't have much bearing on the play).

With tuning and pruning Happy Landings could be a happy flight. ■

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Stage

# THE EUROPEANS

One Act Theatre Company Goes Abroad

by Mark Topkin

For its latest presentation, the One Act Theatre Company takes us on a European tour. Starting in Ireland and moving through Spain and England before ending in Austria, the company offers four one-acts by some of Europe's most well known (if deceased) playwrights.

The contrasts are fascinating. In all four pieces the play-

wrights captured the essences of their countries' cultures. Sean O'Casey's **Bedtime Story**, for example, toys farcically with lust and godliness in its depiction of a young Roman Catholic lad suffering the guilt of an unwed assignation with a willing and playful lass. George Bernard Shaw's **Augustus Does His Bit** pokes fun at the British aristocracy, the military, and that

culture's obsession with class duty and honor. Arthur Schnitzler's **The Farewell Supper** takes a tongue-in-cheek look at Viennese society and its penchant for wine, women and song, while **A Sunny Morning** by the Quintero Brothers (Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez — the Neil Simons of turn-of-the-century Spain) honors the Spanish traditions of romance and courtship in the story of two old lovers who meet by chance many years after circumstance drove them apart.

British propriety, Austrian flamboyance, Spanish romance, and Irish religiousness are to this day hallmarks of their culture, so often stereotyped to the ridiculous. In the hands of their respective countrymen, however, these stereotypes are not ridiculed but revered, even in humorously so.

OATCO has done a fine job with each offering in their extension of cultural representations via evocative sets and costumes — particularly Stephen Elspas' simple but



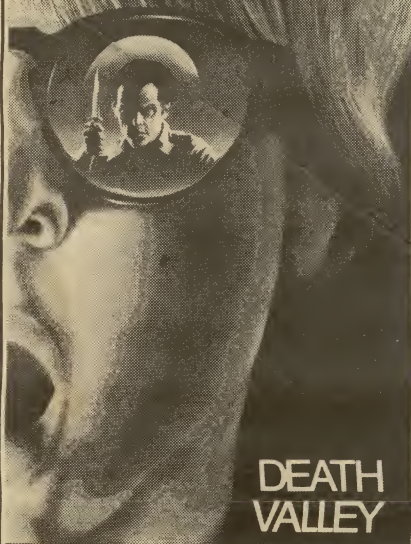
Anatole prepares a farewell supper at which he plans to jettison his mistress. But with typically Viennese charm, she dumps him first! Jeannine Lewis, Kent Minault and Steve Price in **THE FAREWELL SUPPER** at the One Act Theatre Co.

beautiful Madrid park and Deborah Caper's Viennese restaurant — and with their usual high performance standards. Of these, I particularly liked Jon Riggs and Laurel Ollstein as O'Casey's lustful young couple, Pamela Marsh and William Oliver as the old Spanish lovers, and

Cyril Clayton as the Clerk in the Shaw play.

Overall, **The Europeans** is a cleverly designed bill loaded with entertainment. It runs through February 27 at the One Act, 430 Mason. Call 421-6162 for reservations.

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## CABARET CORNUCOPIA From The Ashes

JOHN F. KARR

It hasn't even been a full year since I wrote a column titled "Savoy-Tivoli Reborn." That was in mid-May of 1981. Nine months later, the Savoy was destroyed by a fire. The loss to our cabaret activity is inestimable. The building itself was a landmark. The bar and restaurant that fronted Grant Street had been through many incarnations, yet never lost the warmth of an earlier era. The spacious bar, the wooden booths, the glass light globes — this was the type of atmosphere that cannot be rebuilt.

But the loss of the cabaret hurts me even more. There was no other nightspot in town which offered the fare to be found here, and no other producers as adventuresome as Karen Noll and Wendell Stevenson. They presented more than the glittering string of headliners familiar to us all (the cabaret scene being small enough that the players hardly ever change; every month they just shuffle the deck and appear in different clubs). The Savoy presented a full-length original musical, improv comedy groups, fea-

ture films and imported out-of-towners. Where other clubs have formulas which rarely change, the Savoy was willing to try the new, the unknown.

I don't know if the producers will be able to relocate their activities. If they can't, the cabaret tradition will be considerably weakened.

★ ★ ★

The subject of tradition reminds me of a curious conversation I had recently. I spoke with a singer who did a lot of Cole Porter. Or so I'd been told. The singer had recently purchased an album because it included two Porter tunes not familiar to the singer. I'm a Porter fiend, and asked what they were, hoping someone would find some tunes I hadn't heard. "After You" is slightly obscure. But not to have heard "Looking At You," the second tune the singer was unfamiliar with, meant that this person had never listened to records — in some cases, very famous records — by Bobby Short, Mabel Mercer, Liza Minnelli, Carmen McRae, Lee Wiley, Ella Fitzgerald...

It made me wonder. Where do cabaret singers come from? How do they learn their style and craft? Are they aware there is a craft, and a tradition to be learned, or has the rock era obliterated the tradition altogether? The singer's lack of knowledge made me wary to hear a performance. On one hand, traditions can be confining. Perhaps this performer is creative enough to strike out on new paths. But this is made doubly hard without knowledge of what has previously transpired.

There is a remedy for this lack of knowledge, which I recommend not only to singers who need to learn their lineage, but to interested audience members as well.

The just next to legendary Eileen Farrell is hosting a radio show whose guests are among the most famous names in the cabaret field. On every show Ms. Farrell performs a duo with the star, and has at least one solo herself. It's an exquisite pleasure to hear her. And the guests are another matter. The first was David Allyn, and last week featured Maxine Sullivan, in her upper 70's still a swinging and lovely singer. She is an honest singer, giving us the words, the rhythm, the music. It's that simple. So simple that few can duplicate the ease of her style, or the conversational use of lyrics.

(Continued on Page 28)



The cast of **BERLIN 1932** has no qualms about changing partners. But they aren't changing theatres. They've been held over at Fanny's Cabaret, 4230 18th Street, until the end of February. Performances are every Sunday and Monday night at 9:30 pm. It's a sexual, macabre visit to an apocalyptic cabaret, where song and poem conjure the lost world of Berlin, 1932.



## BACK TO BATON

### Off and Limping

PHILIP CAMPBELL

January has been called the cruelest month. It is also a traditional time of new beginnings. Around Davies Hall it marks the turning point of the Symphony Season.

Judging from two recent concerts it may well be the cruelest month. Still, there are several events on the near horizon that may warm things up before the beginning of this year's annual Mozart Festival.

#### THE YOUNG, GIFTED, AND SLACK

With a shy smile and a hesitant amble, French pianist Jean-Philippe Collard appeared onstage, literally and figuratively towering over every other musician present.

Long and lanky as a Gallic stringbean, Collard's unassuming manner and matinee idol looks endear him to a very broad audience. It's his very real talent, however, that satisfies even the sternest of critics and has made him an international star.

It is a pity, then, that he was showcased so poorly during his recent guest appearances here. Sabotaged by a lackluster program and the disappointing conducting of John Nelson, Monsieur Collard tried and failed to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 4 was written late in the composer's career

and there is good reason why it is infrequently performed. It is a quirky piece that seems to be ended before it has really begun. In fairness, I allow that it is interesting music, but it flashes more with facile invention than with true inspiration.

As expected, Collard played it for all it was worth. It's just not worth as much as the first three Rachmaninoff Concerti.

The evening began with a curiously unenthusiastic rendition of Stravinsky's "Dances concertantes." This witty and melodic score represents the composer at his "neo-classic" best. What we heard was a pedestrian reading that ignored the joyful rhythm and dance inherent in the music. Not a very auspicious kick-off for Stravinsky's centenary celebration.

After Intermission, Conductor Nelson returned to lead an unusually high spirited performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 2. His unorthodox approach managed to bring me back to attention, even if I was displeased in the long run.

I have been told that John Nelson made a promising debut in San Francisco several years ago. Maybe I heard him on an off night. I suspect, however, that the mediocrity of the evening came more from underhearsal and a halfbaked interpretive vision than from a momentary lack of overall orchestral control.

## AN EVENING ON URANUS

Call me a grump or anything you like, but I have never been fond of so-called "Programme" music, the kind of stuff that keeps showing up at "Pops" concerts and the Hollywood Bowl.

The Respighi's and Ferde Grofe's of the music world constitute the kind of classical repertoire best suited to a college dorm. You know — smoke a number and turn your roommates on to "serious" music.

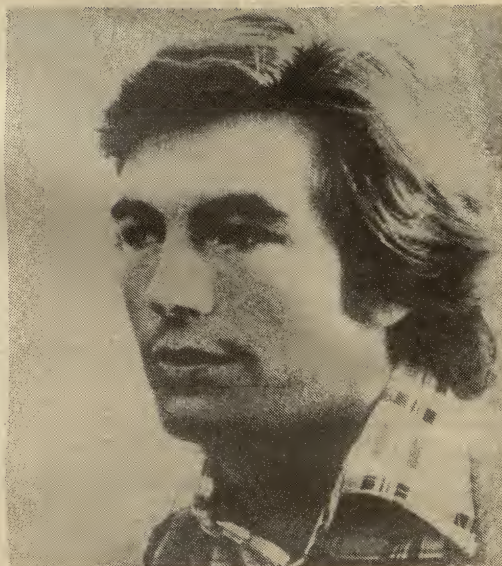
So, it was with serious misgivings that I went to hear Gustav Holst's "The Planets" last week. A funny thing happened. It was this glorified movie music that saved the evening from disaster!

Stepping in at the last minute for ailing Maestro de Waart, Jahja Ling, Assistant Conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, certainly had his work cut out for him.

The evening's bill of fare went from the small and charming (Hindemith's "Kammermusik No. 6") to the medium and alarming (Pierre Boulez's "Tombeau from 'Pli Selon Pli'"). That there was any audience left to hear the gargantuan "Planets" after Intermission came as a real surprise.

Everything began well enough. Wonderfully talented Geraldine Walther turned in a lovely solo performance on the viola d'amore for the Hindemith. The "Kammermusik" doesn't sit comfortably on a symphony program, but it is short and to the point and the audience seemed to take it in stride.

It was the excerpt from "Pli Selon Pli" that turned the crowd ugly. Some said it sounded like jungle music, others thought it was more



Matinee-idol piano virtuoso Jean-Philippe Collard wins friends with his lanky charm. Loses them by playing — however well — a quirky piece.

reminiscent of Japanese horror films. I kind of liked it because it shook everyone up so. For anyone coming only to hear the vastly overrated "Planets" it must have been sheer torture. I admit it is difficult to endure a score that sounds like all the musicians are dropping their instruments asymmetrically, but it sure isn't boring.

Well, the planets did their atmospheric hocus-pocus. Mars brought War; Venus

brought Peace; Mercury (that scamp) brought droll little messages, and Jupiter brought tons of fun and some instantly hummable tunes. By the time Neptune, the Mystic, showed up with six ethereal off-stage voices supplied by Women of the Symphony Chorus, the audience was all primed up for a standing ovation. I was all primed for a stomach pump and a glance at some future concerts.

## TONED EAF TONE DEAF TONE

### Beyond Tainted Love to a Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret

JERRY DE GRACIA

Although Soft Cell's 12" single "Tainted Love" has already been played to death it is unquestionably a hot song and their lp **Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret** contains enough similar material to make for a well-rounded album.

Marc Almond and Dave Ball, who are the band, have brought the British electronic sound to a peak on their debut album which also contains their latest British hit single "Bedsitter."

The version of "Tainted Love" on the album is not the one which incorporates the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go." If that's what you are in the market for, stick to the 12" single.

There are several dance tunes on the album. This is the reason Soft Cell has had a fairly easy time gaining airplay and media attention. Yet one of the best numbers is the slower paced "Say Hello/Wave Goodbye."

Although the lyrics are a ripoff of The Beatles' "Hello Goodbye," Soft Cell's seductive synthesizing makes up for the plagiarism. In general it makes for an excellent album.

#### STRAY CATS: GONNA BALL

Now that the Blasters, an LA-based band, have given rockabilly fans something to compare them to, the Stray Cats don't seem so far ahead of other similar bands, but they're still the leaders of the pack.

On their second album, **Gonna Ball**, the Stray Cats

continue their journey through early rock. They still manage to sound original even though the music they are imitating must have been golden oldies when they heard it. Either that or they hide their age well.

Even though the music on **Gonna Ball** is less diverse than the songs off their first album, which included such numbers as "Storm The Embassy" and "Stray Cat Strut," there really isn't one bad song as far as rockabilly music goes... and it goes a long way if you compare it to something like Journey's new album which goes a long way to nowhere.



Soft Cell's Marc Almond and Dave Ball feature seductive synthesizing on their **EROTIC CABARET**.

#### SWAMP DOGG: THE LOVE WE GOT AIN'T WORTH TWO DEAD FLIES

Every once in awhile some obscure album comes along that contains some surprising material and Swamp Dogg's **I'm Not Selling Out/I'm Buying In** is just one of those treasures.

It is certainly not new wave; in fact it's reminiscent of some of that early rhythm and blues work that died in the Sixties and is only heard except for rare appearances by older artists.

"Wine, Women and Rock & Roll" kicks off side one after the brief "Swamp Dogg's Salutation" in which he promises to rock his ass off for you. He manages this quite well.

There is no question as to  
(Continued on Page 29)

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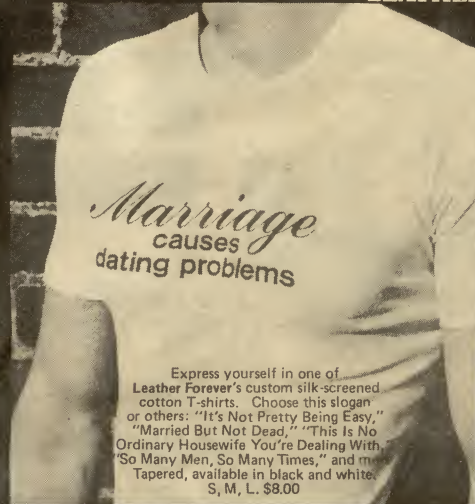
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## TALES OF TESSI TURA

### Half A Ring Is Better Than None

GEORGE HEYMONT

I got into quite an argument the other day with a friend as we were speculating on the Met's upcoming centennial season. His feeling was that if the Met is going to uphold the standard of being the greatest opera house in the world, then it behooved Met management to put on one year's repertory which could only be rivaled by Ringling Brothers in its scope. "They've got to be able to mount works like *Boris Godunov*, *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*, *Aida*, *Lohengrin*, *Les Troyens* and the entire Ring cycle night after night after night," he insisted.

That's easier said than done. Bankrolling such huge

productions could exhaust the reserves of any opera company (even the Met) if all those works were scheduled within one season. Even if the financial capital and rehearsal time were made feasible, there is no guarantee that the general audience would buy the bill of fare. Like it or not, there must be a constant flow of *La Traviata*, *La Boheme*, *Tosca* and other standard meat and potato-type operas to fill out the menu.

This past Fall the Met managed to get both *Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried* on the boards. Initially an entire Ring cycle had been planned. With last year's disastrous labor dispute, the Met's scheduling



"Not everyone wants to be a regulation clone, you know!" Franz Mazura is shown in his costume as Alberich in Wagner's *DAS RHEINGOLD* at the Metropolitan Opera.

was thrown into a turmoil as artists cancelled out on contracts in order to save their collective asses in case the Met went under. Birgit Nilsson's San Francisco triumph as the Dyer's Wife in *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* caused one of the Wagnerian operas to be dropped from the schedule so that Leinsdorf could conduct a revival of the Met's famed *Frau*. Any hopes of a full Ring went down the

Nibelung dwarf. The Rhinemaidens received superior treatment from Eleanor Bergquist, Brenda Boozer and Isola Jones. The production (originally designed by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen) is still a handsome achievement in stagecraft; particularly the first scene underneath the Rhine. The entrance of the Gods into Valhalla is a vivid portrait of what can be done with solid projection

Anna Russell described the boy-hero Siegfried this way: "He's very young. He's very strong. He's very handsome. And he's very stupid."

tubes. It was all the Met could do to salvage two productions.

As I discussed the San Francisco Opera's first summer festival with a Met representative I mentioned what a nice cast Adler had assembled for our production of *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*. Getting her dates mixed up, the Met staffer asked, "Really? I thought we had everyone in the Wagnerian repertoire in New York right now!" Her statement underlined the most critical part of producing a Ring cycle intact. There just aren't enough good Wagnerian singers to go around.

As a result, the Met took quite a beating for their efforts. Like it or not, we have to face the fact that the quantity and quality of Wagnerian singers just ain't what it used to be. Too many artists burn out before they reach Wagnerian capacity. Those that do make it are so critically in demand that it is hard to assemble a uniformly excellent cast in any one opera house.

#### CURSES, FOILED AGAIN!

Thus, it came as no surprise that the Met's *Das Rheingold* proved to be a rather tepid affair. I wouldn't rest the blame solely on the Met for this. Richard Wagner had a habit of demanding a perverse kind of survival ethic from his audiences. There comes a point about two-thirds of the way through *Rheingold* where one's joints ache, the music sags and it becomes easy to accuse Wagner of creating an operatic equivalent of diarrhea in slow motion (where what has been said merely repeats itself ad nauseum).

Among the cast, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig made a sturdy, reliable Wotan. Eva Randova's Fricka was an assertive portrait. Jocelyne Taillon's Erda, however, tended to sound strained and hoity. Jozsef Dene made an impressive debut as Alberich,

and surrounded by fire) on a stage elevator which thrusts the giant rock up through the center of the Ring. Penetratingly Freudian, perhaps, but one of the best jerk-off moments in all of German opera, if you ask me. That's what the Met's awesome stage machinery is for, anyway!

The performance was highlighted by Heinz Zednik's excellent portrayal of Mime (the ugly dwarf who has raised Siegfried from infancy). Zednik was a gem, dominating the entire first act with his performance. Some complained that Manfred Jung's Siegfried lacked power, but I was quite impressed by it. Jung wisely paced himself so that he could make it through nearly four hours onstage and still have plenty of wind for the final ballbusting duet with Brunnehilde. An affable and youthful hero, Jung has a sturdy stage presence and appealing voice. I may be in the minority, but I was more than pleased with his performance. Donald McIntyre's Wanderer was stolidly sung.

But once the magic fire surrounding Brunnehilde's somnolent carcass subsided, it became evident that the Met was stuck with a Wagnerian soprano of stereotyped proportions. Elisabeth Payer's rather bovine Brunnehilde ran into severe problems as she attempted to warm up and get her voice under control. Above the staff Payer has a brilliant, ringing top register which can cut over the huge orchestra. But beneath a G she is often inaudible; offering more bulk than bravura. The final duet (which by all rights should be the most ecstatic moment in the opera) became a bit anticlimactic as a result — with both hero and heroine literally girding their loins for the final note.

Erich Leinsdorf kept the music moving at a pretty mean clip throughout both operas. Wolfgang Weber's stage direction was always efficient, though rarely riveting. But I fear this is almost impossible with *Das Rheingold* and *Siegfried* because they simply won't get to the point until a blackout is forced upon them. I once described Wagner's music to a neophyte as five hours of foreplay which leaves you worrying whether or not you'll ever shoot. More literally translated, "All this for a high C?" That's what separates the Wagnerian opera lovers into two distinct camps: those who are only interested in climaxing and those who believe in the old truism that getting there is half the fun. ■

### Ambush Shows Photographs

Photographs by Jim McCaslin, widely known for his work in *Blueboy* magazine, go on display at The Ambush, 1351 Harrison, on Monday, January 25. The photographs feature males and erotic subjects, as well as other themes.

### On Stage

*Stalag 17* plays January 29 through February 27 on Friday and Saturday nights at 8pm at the Old Town Theater in Los Gatos. The well-known play concerns a group of American prisoners lodged in a German prison-camp during WWII. They try to escape, embarrass and irritate their captors. The production continues the season of TheaterWest.



Siegfried (Manfred Jung) forges the magical sword which kills the dragon Fafner in Wagner's five-hour test of strength, *SIEGFRIED*.

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# SPORTS SECTION

GAY ATHLETIC GAMES '82

ON THE MARK

## Details and Information

TOM WADDELL, M.D.

This week's column will not challenge your philosophy on sport or urge you to drop everything you're doing and run down to 597 Castro and throw yourself into the Games.

We are now down to the nitty-gritty detailing of the Games, and I've got lots of information to impart.

As you may already know, we were faced with legal action from the United States Olympic Committee over the use of the term "Olympic." We got the ACLU involved, but since the USOC has been even-handed about any organization, including the Police "Olympics" (being held in S.F. this summer) we could not counter on the basis of discrimination. We will attempt to get a "declaratory release" through legal means, but in the meantime, Public Law 95-606 prevents us from using "Olympic" or any derivative of the term. We are until further notice the GAY ----- GAMES!

O.K., NOW FOR THE NEWS. Morgan Costin, Chairwoman of Cultural Week, and Alex Rasch, the composer of the GAY ----- Anthem, have resigned due to overload and priority commitments. Bob Turner, formerly of Creative Power, was waiting in the wings, however, with an exciting and creative program for sponsoring cultural events not only during Cultural Week, but for the three months preceding it.

Bob placed a call and the following day composer, lyricist and musician George McMahon appeared in the office. He is now enthusiastically working on the anthem.

We will sign a contract soon with the Castro Theater to stage the Physique Contest for men and women. Preliminaries and finals will all be on one day, with special entertainment during the breaks. Watch the marquee during Games Week!

The same management is also considering allowing us a special "Night at the Olympics," when we will show several films. One of these will be Leni Reifenstein's 1936 Nazi propaganda film on the Olympics, a real classic. This will be in early March.

Skip Barrett, founder of the Foggy City Squares, has suggested a hoedown to benefit the Games. He invited me to come to the Trocadero on Thursday night to see what is becoming of square dancing in the City. I went, and was convinced of two things: one, that this City's Gay community does most everything FIRST and BEST; and two, Skip provides a sensational evening of fun and instruction. Ask anyone who goes! We'll surely work out something with Skip and the Squares.

Herb Donaldson, attorney and owner of Capricorn Coffee, liked the positive nature of the Games and immediately wrote a check for a \$100 donation. I was pleased to learn afterwards that my roommates have always purchased their coffee from Capricorn!

Rikki Streicher, owner of Maud's and Amelia's, is our first official sponsor. For a minimum of \$200 this sponsorship includes a framed certificate for display, a listing in all our official programs, host and athlete information packages and in all special advertising. We'd like to start an epidemic of "Sponsor Fever."

Dan Relic, publisher of the *Lambda News*, has lit the torch under the sports organizations in San Jose with a fine article. They'll be well represented.

San Francisco's Gay ----- Teams are now beginning their practices, as is the Flag Corps. Call us anytime for more information. Thanks, everyone!

## SPORTS CALENDAR

### January 21 - 29

21 Thurs	7:00pm	G.S.L. Meeting Sutter's Mill, 3rd Floor	LES BALMAIN
	7:00pm	Gay Athletic Soccer Practice Kezar Pavilion	
23 Sat	10:00am	FrontRunners - Fun Run Stow Lake Boat House Golden Gate Park	
24 Sun	11:00am	Gay Athletic Track & Field McAteer High School Track	
	3:00pm	Gay Athletic Games Benefit Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band 141 Albion, \$5 Donation	
	6:15pm	S.F. Women's Business Bowling League, Park Bowl	
25 Mon	8:30pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl	
26 Tues	6:00pm	Gay Athletic Basketball Practice Kezar Pavilion	
	7:00pm	FrontRunners - Fun Run Toll Plaza, Golden Gate Bridge	
	8:00pm	Gay Athletic Flag Corps Kezar Pavilion	
27 Wed	8:30pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl	
28 Thurs	7:00pm	Gay Athletic Soccer Practice Kezar Pavilion	
29 Fri	7:00pm	Gay Athletic Sports Committee Chairmen Meeting, 570 Castro	

## Athletes — It's Time!!!

MARK BROWN

Now is the time to start getting in shape for the '82 Gay Athletic Games. In some sports it takes months for the body to reach proper physical condition to be competitive. This is especially true in Cycling and the Marathon, both grueling events.

Many of the individual sports committees have started putting their teams together and have practice sessions started or will have in the very near future, preparing San Francisco's athletic contingent for the August Games.

Track & Field, which takes a great deal of conditioning, have practice every Sunday, 11:00am at McAteer High School track, 555 Portola Drive. Those of you interested in the Swimming & Diving competition can work out on your own at many different facilities throughout the city until the committee sets up special practice sessions.

The Basketball and Volleyball practice and Soccer floor drills have been scheduled at Kezar Pavilion. For times and dates on these, contact the Gay Athletic Games Headquarters.

Wrestling workouts are at St. Mary's Recreation Center, Murray Street and Justin Drive near the intersection of Highways 101 and 280, every Tuesday and Friday at 7:00pm. For you Boxers, there will be a training facility available in the very near future.

Slo-pitch Softball players should join the Gay Softball League, Community Softball League, or Park & Recreation City League to get in shape for the Games tryouts, which will take place in early summer.

Bowling will be selecting its teams early this spring, so get out on those lanes and start practicing. You Pool players, sharpen up on your 8-ball and 9-ball so you will be ready when the tryouts roll around.

Tennis enthusiasts, get out on those courts or better yet join the women's or men's Gay tennis organizations. The tennis teams will be selected the weekends of May 8 & 9 and May 15 & 16 at the Golden Gate Tennis Courts.

Golfers, get those clubs ready and get out on those greens practicing. Powerlifters, get those muscles flexing and you Physique lovers get those beautiful bodies in shape so when it comes time to try out for the Games you'll be ready.

Rugby is the only sport left and that will be handled by the women's Rugby Association.

Fifteen of the seventeen Gay Athletic Games sports are for both men and women to compete as in traditional Olympic competition. The two exceptions being Wrestling (for men only) and Rugby (for women only).

Those of you that want to take part in the Games, please call the Gay Athletic Games Headquarters at 861-8282 or 861-0882, or drop in at the office at 597 Castro (at 19th).

## CORNER POCKET

### Tournament Time

GENE MILLER

Well, you've done it — you've paid your money and entered the weekly 8-ball tournament at your favorite bar. Your first time. You've seen a couple of tournaments and you know the players are good — the kind who run the table — and there you are, actually hoping to win. Everybody else in the tournament seems so cool, so detached, apparently not concerned with the outcome . . . and you can't keep your palms dry.

Then the tournament director tells you you're up next against . . . NO! Not that guy! The thought races through your mind: "I'll ask for a refund . . . I'll tell him I have a dental appointment; no, I'll say my brother is arriving at the airport and I have to get my money back . . ." But then another thought crowds in: "The worst I can do is lose."

Ah, competition. Competing with others can bring out unknown strengths, reveal unseen talent, and improve one's ability faster than any amount of book knowledge or solitary practice. Why? Because winning a game in a tournament means something. The prizes are considerable amounts of real cash. When you are continually confronted with "must" shots, and making the shot can mean money in the pocket, it invariably makes you a better player. After all, you do want to improve, right? You've played the game for awhile and you know that all those people who keep beating you weren't always that good. So what to do? — Move to another level.

As I see it, there are 5 levels of the game.

1. **Practice** - Valuable and necessary as long as you concentrate and don't allow the pace to make you careless. When your stroke feels good, it's beneficial to put in a few hours of practice, but very detrimental if you're "trying to find it" — you can spin your wheels for hours and gain nothing.

2. **Open Play** - You put your name on the blackboard and when it's your turn you try to hold the table at least until midnight. A good challenge but pretty chancy, given the amount of luck in 8-ball. Putting your name back up and then waiting an hour or more doesn't do much for your game.

Another detriment: Open play in bars means "gentlemen's rules," which is virtually no rules at all, really. So everybody plays (or is expected to play) a strictly offensive, "go for it" game. Bar players who never enter other competition usually have no defensive game whatever.

3. **Team Play** - There are several features unique to team play:

- Responsibility. Your shot is part of a team effort, and you're expected to try your best and be careful.

- You must observe the rules; you pay for your mistakes with something they call a "foul."

- "Safe" becomes a noun. You learn that sometimes your best shot is **not** to sink a ball.

- The competition gets tougher.

- For those who like to play, the gap between games is considerably shorter.

- You have a coach. Only in league matches (at least in San Francisco Pool Association matches) are you allowed to take time out during your game and ask for advice.

4. **Head-to-Head Match Play** - Common in pool halls, not really part of the bar scene. I avoid this type of playing because there are so many hustlers whose primary concern is getting your money, not playing good pool, and I have no time for them. But — this kind of action has been known to create some incredible shooters. I suggest: Play sets, not single games. A 10-game set gives you time to make up for bad luck or to recover from a temporary loss of control. There is rarely a major tournament with matches fewer than 7 games.

5. **Tournament Play** - For the player who really wants to learn the game, tournaments are the answer. Consider the entry fee an admission charge to a pool seminar, and then keep your eyes open. You'll be in the company of some of the best players in town, and there's no end to the "learning stage" of pool; the intricacies are endless. Be patient and — again, I suggest — focus on playing the game well . . . "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game" is time-worn but valuable advice. You'll always feel better if you know, in retrospect, that you tried your best. You may not win any money for several tournaments, but you'll be improving, learning, gaining confidence. Your day will come.

(Continued on Page 26)



# TGWNBL

## They Give So Much!(Next, The Coliseum)

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

Not since the National Bowling League was organized back in 1875 (the rules, however, not being standardized until 1885 when the A.B.C. was formed) has the sport of bowling been more popular in the U.S. than it is today, with between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 active players.

Yet how many of us are even slightly familiar with the physical characteristics of the equipment and environs in which we have so much fun each Wednesday evening? It would, in all likelihood, be safe to assume as correct the lesser of two numbers representing the highest and lowest probabilities.

Why not take a moment out, then, the next time you step up to the 15-foot runway behind the foul-line, to look across the 60-foot distance from that barrier to the center of the headpin. This time, though, try to see the scene with a different vision.

Those ten white pins, positioned in a triangle on that 42-inch wide alley, are symmetrically ideal, both individually and as a unit. Each stands 15 inches tall on its own 2 1/4-inch pin-spot, exactly 12 inches (center-to-center) from its nearest comrade. There it dutifully awaits the next roll of thunder, which indicates a renewed onslaught by that dreaded persecutor, the bowling ball.

This aggressive orb enjoys a distinct weight advantage over each pin, weighing anywhere between 12 and 16 pounds. Each pin is limited, however, to a mere 3 pounds. The belligerent sphere employs a divide-and-conquer tactic which not only disrupts the unity among the pins, but also tends to encourage confusion and confrontations within their once ordered ranks, thereby transforming them into their own worst enemies.

In addition, this projectile of dissension also delights in a massive size advantage. The circumference of its imposing bulk measures a maximum of 27 inches, while the pins' 15-inch stature is far less compact and more vertically precise, rendering its precise equilibrium quite easily unsettled.

Take a moment before your next frame to execute a smart salute in deference to that phalanx of ten whose sole purpose is to absorb the devastating impacts of those overwhelming-missiles-of-havoc that you launch their way.

And to think it's all done in the name of sport. Next thing you know, they'll be throwing those defenseless bowling pins to the lions.

Speaking of phalanxes being arrayed, you are probably wondering about the team arrangement. As you will notice, the Park Bowl team is still dominating the statistics. (Can't anyone topple them? They have been there for ten weeks.)

Team		Won	Lost
3 Park Bowl	1- 1	27 1/2	11 1/2
14 Wooden Horse	2- 4	25	14
6 5 Easy Pieces	3- 3	24	15
12 White Swallow	4- 2	24	15
20 Play With It, Ltd.	5- 6	23	16
10 Badlands	6- 5	23	16
3 Daddy's Boys	7- 8	21 1/2	17 1/2
16 On The Mark	8-10	21	18
9 The Boweling Balls	9- 7	21	18
7 The Pilsner	10- 9	20	19
8 Temptations	11-14	20	19
11 Ambush	12-12	19	20
2 Pilsner III	13-17*	18	21
17 Grady's	14-15	17	22
1 Pendulum	15-11	17	22
15 Cellar Boys	16-13	17	22
19 G Centrals Unmentionables	17-19	17	22
18 Deluxe	18-16	17	22
4 Spectacles	19-18	17	22
13 Pilsner II	20-20	16	23
21 Tits and Ass	21-21	14	25
22 Arena	22-22	10	29

Good show, Pilsner III. (Also, if anyone is going to Reno any time soon, the numbers 17 and 22 look pretty good, or maybe 39.)

By the way, this past 13th, Darrell Thomas, who has a 169 average, bowled a fantastic 242 game.

And if you want to see the wickedest left-hook in the entire league, just watch Tim Hagerman for a couple frames. You won't believe it.

## FLAG CORPS MEETING

The next meeting of the Gay ----- Games Flag Corps is on Tuesday, January 26, at Kezar Pavilion. Check-in time is between 7:30 and 8:00pm, and practice is from 8:00 to 10:00pm. You still can join and bring your friends. Please remember to wear sneakers, as we practice on a basketball court.

### CORNER POCKET (Continued from Page 25)

So — where are the tournaments? Ah, we are so fortunate in Gay San Francisco:

**Monday:** Kimo's 9-ball. 16-player limit, \$3 entry. 7:30pm.

**Tuesday:** (League night)

**Wednesday:** Cinch. No limit, \$1 entry, bar matches (20 entries = \$40 prize fund). 7:30pm.

**Thursday:** Rainbow Cattle Company. In their newly-relocated poolroom! 24-player limit, \$1 entry, bar matches. 7:30pm.

**Friday:** Hey ... somebody get one going!

**Saturday:** (1) Cinch. Same as Wednesday, 2:30pm. (2) Detour (formerly Patsy's). 16-player limit, \$2 entry, bar matches. 2pm.

**Sunday:** (1) Arena. 24-player limit, \$2 entry, bar adds \$25. 4:30pm. (2) Febe's. 24-player limit, \$1 entry, bar matches.

Good shooting, players! My next column will be from Los Angeles: The West Coast Challenge. ■

Gene Miller

## Bowling Across The Nation

by Jerry R. De Young

Recently, much to my surprise, there arrived at my home two newsletters — one from the Vice-President of the International Gay Bowling Organization (IGBO) in Minneapolis, MN, and the other

from the Tournament Director of The Dixie Invitational Bowling Tournament in Atlanta, GA. Both communications told of some very exciting bowling tournaments that will be taking place around

the country in the upcoming months.

Before we get into the tournaments' schedules and locations, here is a little background on the IGBO.

It was formed in 1980 by representatives from six cities, who shared a great desire to create an organization capable of fusing together the many separate Gay bowling

## Annual Christmas Dinner for the Gay Community and Senior Citizens

FINANCIAL REPORT • 1-4-82

### DONATIONS

SF-Eagle benefit (customers & staff)	\$340.00
(Donated to Mae at The Stallion)	
Cash donations at The Stallion	148.45
Cash donations at the 222 Club	135.00
Check deposited in MCC Senior Account	100.00
14 turkeys and 12 hams from individuals	
	\$723.45

### EXPENSES:

Groceries	\$201.54
Produce Market	24.10
Transportation & Miscellaneous Christmas Day	22.64
	\$248.28

All money went through the MCC Senior Luncheon Account.

Beginning balance	\$ 4.37
Deposits	723.45
	\$727.82
Expenses	248.28
Ending balance	\$479.54

The balance is used to feed the senior citizens bi-monthly at MCC Church. Approximately \$75-\$100 is needed each time.

This year a committee of Emperor Gene Bettis, Empress Phyllis, Brett, Connie and Mae, with the help of others, put on the annual Christmas Dinner at Trinity Episcopal Church. Over 250 seniors and Gays in the community were served.

Thank you all for your support and donations. A special thanks to the customers and staff of the SF-Eagle at 12th and Harrison.

Other thanks for help and/or donations are extended to: Blossum, Tessie, Frieda, Ginger, Dan O'Connor, Jimi, Castro, Dusty, Empress of Marin Kitty, Little Phil, Gene Blackburn, O.B. & Lonnie, The Mint, Don Baker (Wild Goose), Linda (Phone Booth), Kimo, Red Eye Saloon & Brett's Restaurant, Terez, and all the bartenders of The Stallion and the 222 Club who received our donations.

Respectfully submitted,

Michael  
Tessie's Royal Baby

groups. And it looks like the idea was a great success, for this year the IGBO membership has increased to 15 cities (with 23 organizations/leagues, and 2500 members) and it is still growing.

For further information about this dynamic organization, please write Dan Donovan, 3606 12th Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55407.

After experiencing such a successful season in its fledgling year of 1981 with the Milwaukee Bowling Tournament over the Thanksgiving weekend (attracting over 250 bowlers from both the U.S.A. and Canada), the IGBO now moves into 1982 with the firm confidence of a winner.

The tour begins in Atlanta with the 2nd Annual Dixie Invitational Bowling Tournament (formed over the Easter weekend in 1980). The games will commence on April 8, with the awards and banquet being held on April 11. First place team prize is \$500, with awards also being given in doubles, singles, and numerous other categories.

In 1981 this tournament attracted 34 teams from such diverse locations as Milwaukee, Houston, Dallas, Minneapolis/St. Paul, New York, Seattle, Louisville, and Atlanta.

This year, judging from the advance information available, there will be many more cities added to the list. (Why have I never heard of this?)

If you would like further information regarding this particular event, please write Ray Krasneck, Tournament Direc-

tor, 590 Ansley Forest Dr. N.E., Apt. 3, Atlanta, GA 30324.

Next comes the 2nd Annual IGBO Tournament in Dallas (last year the host was another great Texas city, Houston). In 1980 this competition attracted more than 66 teams from the U.S. and Canada, and this year the number will be even greater.

The games will be held over the Memorial Day weekend, with a guaranteed first place team prize of \$1500.

Then, over the 4th of July weekend, there will be the Blue Boy Classic in Seattle. The final details of this event are still being worked out, so, as further news flows in, I will certainly share it with you.

As a closing statement, what with all the excitement of the different bowling functions taking place around the nation, please do not forget that one of the biggest and best is happening right here in your own grand city, The Gay Olympic Games, which will soon have a new name. ■

## Gay Olympics Get Tax Status

At the quarterly meeting of the S.F. Tavern Guild Foundation there was unanimous approval of the Board of Directors to accept San Francisco Arts and Athletics as an affiliate.

This means that S.F. Arts and Athletics, sponsors of the Gay Olympic Games and Gay Cultural Week, will operate as a tax-deductible organization within the S.F. Tavern Guild Foundation aegis.



# BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT BOB'S BAZAAR

BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT

## SOUTHERN SCANDALS

### All This & Heaven Too?

The fire marshal I talked to at Moscone Convention Center last Saturday night estimated close to 10,000 people were on hand for John Vukas and Dick Collier's FIRST ENCOUNTER extravaganza at the City's newest convention hall. It was obvious that no one counted on such a crush of humanity: 45-minute wait to check coats; 30-minute wait to get a drink; 30-minute wait to use the latrines, and the dance area was so packed it was more fun to stand and watch everyone's gyrations than anything else. Would

second chance, and I hear Vukas and Collier have the place reserved for a second try. I applaud their attitude and determination and wish them much success.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to MOBY DICK, celebrating their FOURTH anniversary tonight. Here's a little bar that can be counted among the City's most successful. I hope you'll all be on hand tonight to hoist a few; and here's my best wishes for their continued success.

MR. MARCUS

every Sunday from 4pm on, where you and a buddy can get in for only \$5.50 for their old campy movies and a fantastic stripper by the name of JOSE (not the Empress!) plus a Baby Oil Orgy at Midnight — sounds VERY interesting.

The GOLD COAST on 11th Street has closed for remodeling and will reopen with full liquor service in about 6 or 7 weeks and a new name as well. Watch here for details when Steven Brown and Jason Falk unleash their energy on Folsom... Milton White, one of SF's most startlingly hot men is back in town after a hiatus in the Big Apple and other fruity cities. He's already making BIG points with Jay Filipak of the EAGLE CREEK Saloon who is definitely right up front when it comes to BIG meat. Milton

erly join the Maryettes... And I'm told Emile Adels, owner of the LA-STUD has decided to name his new bar on South Figueroa in the City of the Angels DWAYNE'S, instead of the Black Pipe, and everyone down there is happy for the tribute... And finally, word from Houston has arrived that Bill Bonney and David Lindsay are doing quite well with their Eagle Bar Supply company and aren't intending on returning to us anytime real soon. David is/was passing through here on his way to visit freinds in Alaska this month, and I hope you saw that divine man!

and surf in Tahiti any day now, Buddy's birthday gift to Matthew. You may recall that the world-famous Boot Camp poster showing a weenie dog between a pair of boots and emblazoned "His Masters Boots" is Alex, a pet of Matthew's. Alex, that lucky pooch, is celebrating his 10th year on earth this month!

I would like to help all of you who are wondering what happened to the DADDIES and DADDY'S BOY magazine and the money you sent in for subscriptions, but from what I hear, the publisher has vanished and I don't think he left your refund around to pick up... Jim Leff displays his considerable artistic efforts at the STABLES in a show that

(Continued on next page)



A crowd gathers around street singer Rick Johansson for a sing-along. Few people were on the street at all, as the 49'er game was in progress. (Photo by Rink)

you believe our new convention hall is poorly equipped to handle electricity? Sources close to the producers of First Encounter state there were problems getting all the lighting gimmicks installed, but the show did go on, and the efforts to create unique lighting effects were worthy of praise.

Lines of taxis arrived and departed all night. The straight couple on my block hired a baby-sitter for the party and were, at first, upset to discover they had bought tickets to a Gay affair; they soon changed their minds as they got caught up in the high energy bouncing around the place. It built up all evening, but ended during the entertainment, and then built up again and zig-zagged for the rest of the night. The general consensus and/or evaluation of the whole thing is that Moscone Convention Center is too big for a party of this type; there is no feeling of intimacy. Complying with fire and other regulations would put the ticket price out of the range of many. Praise, however, should be given to Vukas and Collier, who can claim the distinction of being "first." Although I've heard of no plans for a second encounter at Moscone Center, any and all problems that developed will be dealt with if a future effort is made. Everyone deserves a

Yes, dear hearts. That WAS Lainie Kazan, in the flesh, gorging on the vittles at HAMBURGER MARY'S almost every night last week. Ms. Kazan was less than complimentary about the food at the FAIRMONT where she was appearing.

★ ★ ★

#### SCOOPS DU JOUR

The high cost of living being what it is, it's a wonder ANYbody can go out for a good time these days. I guess that's why Norman of the TRENCH started his Recession Nights where Cuervo Gold tequila is a dollar on Mondays, Schnapps in fifty cents on Tuesdays, and well drinks are fifty cents on Wednesdays. On Sundays, from 4pm to 7pm, all the draft beer you can drink is available for only \$2 and bottled beer is 75 cents... Monday nights the BULLDOG avails their facilities for only \$2 for a locker and from all reports, the place is jam-packed with early bird sinners; of course, you must clip the coupon out of this paper and other publications to get in on this action... For those of you who just got bogged down with functions and friends over the weekend, it's last chance at the SUTRO Bath House

didn't know that when they went to get it on. That's why he's smiling a lot these days whenever Jay's name (or appendages) comes up in casual conversations.

Mr. S Products announces their 3rd Annual BLACK SALE in progress right now through January 30 with at least 10% discounts on ALL stock... Jim McCaslin's gailyarious photo show opens at the AMBUSH on Monday, January 25, so be sure to catch BLUEBOY Magazine's favorite photographer right here in your own back yard... If you want to be treated like a king (read: QUEEN), just schlepp into Church Street Station where sometime entertainer VIVA is trodding the carpets to serve you in a manner close to that in royal palaces; she is quite friendly and can even steer you into the right "type" you may be looking for, if you know what I mean.

Gary Burns, the man who is definitely afraid of dead mice, especially when they're in his cash register, has deserted his perch for North of Market working places and has blended quite nicely into the unique ambience of HAMBURGER MARY'S. Needless to say, manager Rose and co-owner Charron are dee-lighted to have Bev-

#### TRUTH IN SPYING

A huge gang showed up for Bob Parsons' 50th birthday party last Saturday night, and although no one admitted it out loud, they were all hoping they'd look THAT good when they reach the mid-century mark... More than one person has asked me what I meant when I mentioned in this galley recently that Don Geist of FEBE's had retired. Well, shall we just say that he decided to work part-time?... The Chinese New Year is upon us (Lunar Year 4680) and it's the year of the DOG (4 legs only, please), so be kind to them and if your friends ask, the Chinese New Year Parade is January 25th... Buddy and Matthew of Glendale flash that they're headed for sun

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PHOTO BY T. B. BAKER

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## SWEETLIPS SEZ

### Toddling 'Round The Town

DICK WALTERS

Need a new RCA television for the Super Bowl game this weekend? ... Call Paul Bentley at the Video Mart, 621-7772, for fantastic buys that you shouldn't miss ... also, all types of tape rentals.

Watch for Chet and Rick arriving here from Milwaukee the middle of March ... if it thaws out by then ... they're

day on Sunday ... drop in for the festivities.

Thank you, Henri Leleu, for the Cochon de lait avec vin on Sunday last ... really delicious ... and Mama Hog and yours truly had a great time. You are a gracious host.

Go 49'ers! I guess just about every bar in the city will be having a party that Sunday



One of the very few genetic women to be pictured on Sweet Lips' page is Foodsexual comedian Carol Roberts. Her comedy tears up Fanny's every Thursday night in January and February, and is seen here hawking her Foodsexual aprons and T-shirts in the Castro.

nice guys who hang out at the Ballgame in that town.

What is the "New" thing between Joe Urban of Urban Country Florist on Castro Street and Henry of the famous Fickle Fox on Valencia? The vibes are great!

Big party at the Yacht Club on wide screen TV's for the Super Bowl, with the popular Gus on the plank during the

I know that Googie's on Geary is having one with hot dogs and beans courtesy of Albert ... of course the Hob Nob is having one with Danny and Glen doing the honors. So you'll just have to pick your favorite bar and get a good seat early to watch this very exciting game.

At 9pm on Saturday the 23rd, the Hob Nob will be having a party for Mae for

Empress, so drop on down and meet this very exciting S.F. personality.

Don't forget the Cable Car Awards & Show on Sunday, February 7, at the Japan Center Theatre.

Thank you, Randy Johnson, for your nice note, and this issue hopes to find that you are feeling much better ... we need you around the community.

The Line-Up at 7th & Harrison Streets serves some of the best Mexican brunches, lunches, and dinners in this town, and they have wild margaritas ... try them, you'll like them.

Thank you, Reba of Queen Mary's Pub, for the great time that I had on Saturday morning ... you are looking good and I am looking forward to seeing you at the Empress Coronation Ball on the 6th of February at California Hall.

If you were in the popular N'Touch on Saturday evening, you would have seen Luscious Lorelei at work ... no, not on the hunky numbers that were around drinking and dancing! ... Hi, Duffy.

The Stallion is still a popu-

lar bar on lower Polk Street, with some really nice people not only working there, but drinking, etc., there, so drop in and say hi to Mae.

Big Mama of Big Mama's in Hayward certainly does get around when he comes to town! Glad to see you anytime, Jim.

"Lucy" of White Swallow fame is doing a good job, but who can possibly replace Freddie when he leaves for back home? We'll miss you, Fred; won't we, Mike Dooley?

For a nice lunch or dinner try Polo's on Mason Street sometime ... great vibes ... good drinks, and very good food with some of the nicest waiters (professional) in town ... Hi, Dick!

Yes, Paul Rhuel is still holding forth at the very popular Gilmore's on California Street Wednesdays through Saturdays ... and he even makes the full shift ... Hi, Fred, the chief engineer!

Rose Buckley, how come Jimmy Quinn doesn't ever bring you down for a drink with me? Is it because he is working those days? I hear that you are feeling just great ... love ya.

Remember that advertising pays in the B.A.R. You don't realize how many people do read this very popular newspaper, not only in our city but around the country. Remember, these readers do come to our city for vacations, etc. a few times a year.

Happy belated birthday greetings, Peyton; hope you had a pleasant birthday party.

Start planning your Valentine's parties early and call Urban Country Florists for your arrangements — 431-11283 ... right, Joe?

Just who at Gilmore's is known as "The Snoop"? Hope that you have a great vacation, Dick Petroff.

Remember, in Redwood City the place to go is The Answer, a great disco bar ... hi, Peggy!

Need all interested parties this Thursday — TODAY, January 21 — at City Hall, Room 282, at 4:45pm. The City Planning Commission meets in regard to rezoning and redeveloping lower Kearny Street, which has architectural landmarks. This should not be rezoned — so please attend!

### Uniform Night at Theatre Rhinoceros

Theatre Rhinoceros is pleased to announce a special Uniform Night for its current production of *Pogey Bait*, on Friday, January 29, at 8:30. Theatre Rhinoceros is located at 2926 16th Street (at South Van Ness) in San Francisco. Tickets are \$7, with a \$3 discount for men in uniform. Reservations may be made by calling 861-5079. *Pogey Bait* is George Birimisa's drama set on board an American destroyer during World War II. It concerns a young sailor's attempt to deal with his homosexuality in the tension filled arena of war.

Uniform Night at Theatre Rhinoceros will also include a reception following the show

### MR. MARCUS (Continued from Page 28)

opened last night (Wednesday), so hurry on down and check them out. I've never met Mr. Left, but his art work is enough to make anybody get just sweaty all over and break out into a rash, so he MUST have LIVE fantasies he'd like fulfilled ... A federal judge in Chicago has just ruled that United Air Lines must rehire some 1400 stewardess who were forced to quit because they got married. Thank God, officials don't know about J.C. Krawchuck (64 marriages), Leon LeMay (44 marriages) and other male stewards in OUR community ... Belated happy birthday to Steve Loignon, formerly of the Balcony and happiest days to Steve Iacovino, the other half of Mor-

ris (& Boris).

Locker Room Bookstore on Polk is THE place to visit in the mornings enroute to work; the briefcases and backpacks checked in with Larry DiNucci is enough to make anyone call in and say they can't make it! My dears, I've heard of nooners, and after work sessions, but BEFORE work? Tell a friend ... Finally, you missed the most fantastic birthday cake ever created if you weren't at the CALDRON last Saturday when HE gave HIM a scrumptious cake in the shape of — a TOILET BOWL, complete with flusher, yellow custard in bowl and pedestal! All edible, of course!

MISTER MARCUS

### CABARET CORNUCOPIA

(Continued from Page 22)

"I believe internally," said Maxine, explaining her way with words, and also demonstrating the worth of the show. Not only do we hear brand new performances, but explanations of the singer's craft.

glected to differentiate one from the other, and the smoke in his throat befogged the songs. But it was his handling of the lyrics that caught my attention. Hines, who wears an earring with a dangling ornament, took

*Striking out on new creative paths is doubly hard for the performer who has no knowledge of cabaret tradition.*

The show is broadcast on KALW, 91.7 FM, each Wednesday at 3pm, with a repeat Sunday nights at 8pm. Upcoming vocalists include Marlene VerPlanck (January 31 and February 3), Bobby Short (two different shows, February 7 and 10, and February 21 and 24), Barbara Cook (February 14 and 17), Mabel Mercer (February 28 and March 3), and a second Maxine Sullivan show (March 21 and 24). Give a listen — not only is there a wealth of classic "pop" music at hand, but incomparable performances.

★ ★ ★

An interesting side note concerning the appearance of Broadway star Gregory Hines at the San Francisco Ballet's gala opening last Saturday. Hines sang, in his pleasantly smokey voice, a medley of Duke Ellington tunes. He ne-

pains to mention his wife, and then changed the words of a tune. Instead of desiring a romance "gay as they say it ought to be" during "Something To Live For," Hines wanted it "great as they say ... What's wrong with the lyric the way it was written?"

#### COMING UP

Terry Hutchison, in his first concert since he joined the cast of *STREET DREAMS*, will appear at Rooney's, on 9th Street between Market and Mission. This sure to sell out show goes on at 9pm on Wednesday, January 27, and has a ticket price of \$6.

Carmen McRae at the Great American Music Hall, Saturday, January 23.

Weslia Whitefield at The Plush Room on Monday, January 25, at 9:30.

John F. Karr

Est.  1914

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### The Fantasticks

The Fantasticks, America's longest-running musical, plays Friday and Saturday evenings at 8:30 and Sundays at 7pm from January 22 until February 14. The theatre is the Marin Community Playhouse, 27 Kensington Road, San Anselmo. 456-8555.

## SUPER BOWL WEEKEND



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## PORN CORNER

### A Little Bit of This A Little Bit of That

KARR

Curiosity got this cat last weekend. I went to The Screening Room to see a double feature of **Grey Hanky Left Pocket** and **Yellow Hanky Left Pocket**. Both are better made than **Orange Hanky Left Pocket**, in quality of film and soundtrack. My original reaction to **Orange Hanky** was entitled "Artistic Evaluation is Impossible," and in most ways that sentiment still applies.

The movies follow their color coding. **Orange Hanky** was a random sampling of every sort of sexual activity. **Grey Hanky** is concerned with S&M, much bondage and anal play. **Yellow Hanky** starts off with "Golden Showers" and ends up with plain showers. Both films consist of the same mishmash of ancient, old and recent footage borrowed from loops and features. These two have scenes, not the rapid succession of images that fragmented **Orange Hanky**. Still, it hardly matters when you walk in — or walk out, for that matter — as there is no narrative, connecting fabric, or technical expertise in these films. Just one scene after the next. If you miss the title credits, as I did, the sexual activities will tell you which film you're watching. Otherwise, nothing much either separates or distinguishes these films.

**Grey Hanky** is the better of the two, and that's because it includes a good deal of foot-

age from Scorpio's recent film **All Tied Up**. This lengthy scene features six guys in a sexual daisy chain. They've got muscles, good looks, yawning assholes, and lengthy, thick cocks. The action is impressive. Scorpio misses most of it, as he's tied face down on the bed. Everyone else gets so involved with each other that poor Scorpio, unable to move to where they are, is bypassed by some of the hot action.

The editing here is skittish random. There is good stuff to see, and it's perturbing to spend only a second where a minute should do. This flighty editing undercuts what ought to be a cumulative eroticism.

The scene culminates with Scorpio being fucked by fat white candles. I've never been into dildos, substituting anything inanimate for a cock appearing pointless. But different strokes... I guess. Lit for an anniversary greeting to Scorpio and his lover, the candles drip away on Scorpio's back. Too bad there's just this scene; I'd rather have watched **All Tied Up** in its entirety than the next scene of **Grey Hanky** in its tiredness.

First we see a gagged man hanging from a winch, his weight supported entirely by his arms. He's obviously in some distress. Then there's a quick cut to another scene. Here, a man lies on a cushioned operating table, strapped down, a rather fiendish stretching device hooked

onto his cock and an overhead cable. The man is the thin model with a whip and small heart tattooed on his butt who was known some years ago; I believe his last name is Rikker. It's scenes like this that explain his disappearance from movies.

The soundtrack blares forth a rock tune. "You live a lie, within your prison," it says. "You're gonna die within your prison." The prisons of this sequence have all been self-created by the participants, in the name of freedom. Rikker's eyes, mouth and head are encased in a leather hood. Straps keep him from moving. His hairy master sticks poppers through slits in the hood. He adds tit clamps, and is soon sticking a dildo with prickly spines into Rikker's ass. He twirls it around like a lab assistant cleaning a test tube. Filmed before the era of absolute cleanliness, some fecal matter shows up. Rikker is next fisted, slapped, twisted, lightly bruised. He's finally mounted and fucked by his master. By this time such run of the mill behavior seems exotic.

I found this scene abusive and tiresome. As they pumped and plagued on, I began to wish one of them would either come or die so that the scene would end. (And then remembered that in Shakespeare's time, "to die" was slang for coming.) Rikker finally comes, but doesn't die.

More footage from Scorpio's film next, concerning the fucking of a goodlooking, nicely cocked clone type by a thickly set and weightily hung young man. Once again, I would rather have seen it in **All Tied Up**.

Abrupt end of movie. **Yellow Hanky** begins. Yes, it's a piss flick, but a dull one. In the first scene, a hustler pees on Target model Nick in a shower. The hustler was a birthday present to Nick. The present is complacent, and does what he's told, but if someone gave him to me I'd tell him to go back wherever he came from and send a prettier model.

That scene ends unsatisfyingly. Next, two teenagers try it in another shower, but can't find a comfortable position. In

yet another shower, five guys have a group orgy in which nothing much happens, although — momentarily — there's the movie's best piss shot, healthy spurts shooting skywards. Cut to guys in leather peeing long and shiny streams on a couple making out on the floor. Cut to Jack Wrangler taking a self-conscious leak in a dirty john. Cut to a douche scene also from **All Tied Up** in which one fellow drinks streams of water gushing out of his friend's rectum. Cut to George Payne, beautiful as ever, taking a shower with a homely friend. Although George's raven hair and beefy pecs were a sight, cut to me leaving the theater.

As far as piss films go, this one's a real dribbler. It's more a collection of guys in showers than guys in golden showers. I've been awaiting a decent water sports film for years. This wasn't it. Other than a beautifully filmed scene in **Kansas City Truck-**

ing Co., this is an unexplored area. **Yellow Hanky**, with its old and dull footage, has all the impact of **Faded Kleenex**.

A word about the Screening Room. It's been under new management for some months, and these guys are doing a good job. Besides running a new program every week (changing on Fridays), they've cleaned and painted the theater, and are adding sporting areas upstairs and down. So watch their listings, and catch a film there — it's come a long way from the Tenderloin dive of a few years ago. And I'll keep reporting on the contents of what's on the screen.

By the way, if the sound of **Terry's Lesson in Torment** tickles your testes and teases your mind, the film is now playing at The Pussycat Theatre. Go on Terry, writhe some more.

## NEWS YOU NEED TO KNOW...

## B.A.R.

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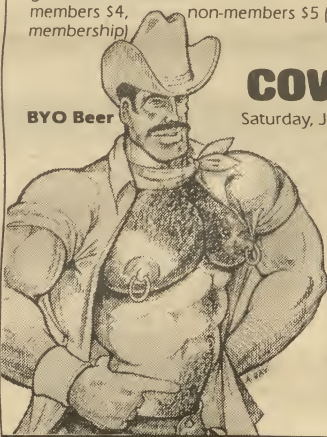
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## STONE DEAF (Continued from Page 23)

why he offers "7 kisses to the greatest female singer, stylist and person before or after... Esther Phillips" on the liner notes because it is his duo with her on "The Love We Got Ain't Worth Two Dead Flies" that truly brings the album to its above par status.

I became addicted to Phillips after I first heard her sing "Home Is Where The Hatred Is," which deals with heroin addiction. In it she taunted her audience to "hold on to your rosary beads and watch me die." It is refreshing to hear her again with more spunk than ever.

SD's duet with Phillips deals with two people splitting up and finally coming to grips with their situation. It's down home, tacky, and right on the mark.

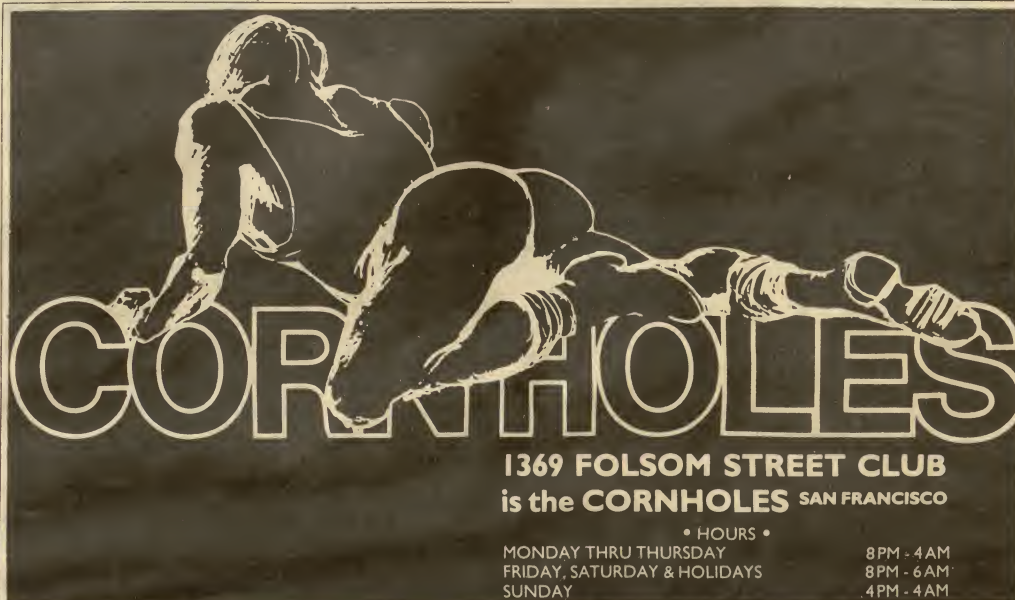
The album moves along smoothly. Even though the songs are somewhat mindless, the music is true soul a la Eddie Floyd or Sam and Dave. It's not like the contemporary whitewashed sounds of today's soul singers like Teddy Pendergrass or Norman Connors.

### HEADLINERS

Wouldn't it be exciting if **Esther Phillips** walked out on stage at the Old Waldorf January 22 in the middle of **Swamp Dogg's** set for the duet she did with him on his new album — but that's probably too much wishful hoping... For the most part I can't figure out why the **Tazmanian Devils** received a Bammie as the best new local band in 1980, but I might endure their appearance at the Old Waldorf January 23 just to hear them do "The Lords of Frisco" one more time...

### Seven kisses to the greatest singer, Esther Phillips.

for those who want to rock  
**Foreigner** plays the Cow Palace  
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**Jerry De Gracia**



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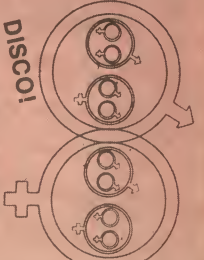
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